The Bystander. No. 21. Vol. II. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1904

6d. £2,000 INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS 6d.

THE BYSTANDER

6d. Including Supplement, "THE NIGHT POST." 6d.

WHY IS THE 'SWAN' THE MOST POPULAR PEN?

BECAUSE it is the Best in every detail—system, material, and workmanship.

BECAUSE one "Swan" pen will, barring accident, outwear many grosses of the best steel pens.

BECAUSE on account of its durability, rapidity in writing, and general convenience it is the **Cheapest Pen** one can write with.

BECAUSE satisfaction is guaranteed by the manufacturers, who are the largest gold and fountain pen makers in the world.

BECAUSE there is no chance of dissatisfaction in buying a "Swan"—if you don't like it, you may either change it or have your money back within ten days.

Size 1 "Swan," Pocket Size, Plain, 10s. 6d. Complete. With 18ct. Rolled Gold Bands, 14s. 6d.

Size 1 "Swan," Fitted with Nickel Pocket Clip, 11s. 6d. Silver Clip, 12s. 6d.

Size 3 "Swan" (larger), Plain, 16s. 6d. With 18ct. Rolled Gold Bands, 21s.

Ladies' "Swan," Handsomely Chased, Highly Finished and in Excellent Taste, 21s. Larger Size, 30s.

Size 1 "Swan," Mounted with 18ct. Solid Gold Bands, Handsomely Chased, 21s. Larger Size, 30s.

Size 1 "Swan," Full Covered Silver, 42s. 18ct. Rolled Gold, 45s. 14ct. Solid Gold, 130s. 18ct. Solid Gold, 150s

No. 2 "Cygnet" Stylo, Superior Quality with Cold Spring Needle, 5s.

POST FREE. Of all Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & BARD

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; 95a, Regent St., W., London.
3, Exchange Street, Manchester. New York, Chicago.
And BRENTANOS, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 21.—Vol. II. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 27, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Langfier*

Countess of Yarmouth

Formerly Miss Alice Shaw, Daughter of the American Railway Magnate and Millions

No. 21.—Vol. II.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, April 27, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	473
The Bystander's Notes	475
The Bystander in Parliament	476
The Topictator	477
People of Interest	478
"Died in Action"	483
The Belgian Royal Family	434
"As it Happens"	485
From Abroad	483
"At the Sign of the Times"	492
E. C. Mines	491
The Kennel Club Spring Field Trials	493
Concerning Mr. J. M. Barrie	496
Bridge, by "Problematicus"	498
"The Throne Maker," by W. L. Alden	499
"La Montansier"	502
"L'enfant a l'ecureuil"	504
"La Crinoline"	505
The Mormons at Home	506
Our Short Story—"The Llanryhll Mystery," by Archibald Marshall	510
The Library	516
Gossip about Books and their Makers	518
Rubbings from Shakespeare's Tombstone	520
The Shakespeare Memorial Festival at Stratford-on-Avon	521
Automobile Topics, by Major Matson	522
Golf Notes and Notions, by Ernest Lehmann	524
Annual Inter-'Varsity Golf at Woking	526
Rackets: The Public Schools' Challenge Cup	527
The Newmarket Craven Meeting	528
At the Epsom Spring Meeting: The City and Suburban	529
The Great Metropolitan	530
The Connoisseur	531

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped an addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconven ence and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

Entered as Second-class Matter at New York, N.Y., Post Office

Amusements

DALY'S THEATRE. — Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8.0, new Musical Play, entitled
"THE CINGALEE."
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE. — Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. TO-NIGHT, at 8 (Doors open 7.40).
THE ORCHID.
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0. Doors open 1.40.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. Wm. GREET. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVENINGS at 8.0. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS at 2.0.
"THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lesse and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' Company (by permission of Mr. H. Lowenfeld). EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
"LA POUPÉE."
By Ordonneau and Sturgess. Music by Audran.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Managing Director: MR. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8.0 p.m.
An Entertainment of unexampled brilliance.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 19 0
Six Months (26 Numbers)	0 14 1	0 19 6
Three Months (13 Numbers)	0 7 1	0 9 9

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,
"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO [illegible] Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP so forwarded.

NOW READY.

Our First Volume of

"THE BYSTANDER"

Containing the first thirteen Numbers, including Coloured Supplements, and with over

1,500 ILLUSTRATIONS

Handsomely bound in Green Cloth Gilt,

Price 10/6, or Carriage Free

to any address in the United Kingdom for 12/-

NOW READY.

Cases for binding "THE BYSTANDER,"

Price 1/6 each, or by Post 1/10.

Also the Binding Portfolio for holding loose Numbers preparatory to binding

Price 2s. 6d., or by Post 2s. 10d. each.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The Title Page and Index to Volume I. of "THE BYSTANDER" can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

April 27, 1904

I was greatly tempted, when I read in the papers that the King of the Belgians had won his lawsuit against his daughters, to devote the weekly space placed at my disposal to a flowing eulogy on him. He is in every way such an estimable gentleman. His very appearance, with his long, patriarchal beard, is sufficient to win him the confidence of all.

Of course, the tongue of slander does not let him go free. In spite of admirably written books and pamphlets in defence of King Leopold's private speculation, practically every Englishman who has visited the Congo Free State speaks of the horrors and tortures perpetrated on the natives there. This, of course, is absurd. It is outrageous. These lies, which every Englishman tells, arise purely from that disgusting British envy for other people's territory, which is so preponderating a characteristic of our race.

Then, again, it is freely whispered that Queen Louise, the lamented Consort of King Leopold, died of a broken heart. Who would believe it when we find that monarch exhibiting such a tenderness towards his daughters? It is true he refused to let the Princess Stéphanie see the corpse of her beloved mother; it is true that another daughter is hidden away in a madhouse, but what will you? King Leopold suffers from undutiful children who commit the shocking crime of asking him to put his hand in his pocket. A king who will appear in state in Paris in order to obtain orders from merchants for india-rubber from the Congo has the qualities of thrift too largely developed to approve of handing over his wife's dowry to others. You can trust him to know the law. An excellent monarch, a fine business man, King Leopold grandly upholds the traditions of the Divine Right of Kings.

I regret my enthusiasm for a neighbouring monarch led me to neglect somewhat the subject I had in mind. This, briefly, is what Mr. Joseph Chamberlain terms "Parochial Politics." Well, we cannot always think Imperially, though the subject in question concerns Imperialism in one sense. I allude to the Imperial pint or gallon. Mr. Bung has been shamefully ill-treated for some years past. Licences which he had grown to look upon as so much vested interest have been snatched away from him owing, as Mr. Gretton—connected with the firm of Bass—so ably put it, to the "very flagrant, and he might say scandalous, injustice, the packing of Magisterial Benches with extreme temperance partisans."

Why, indeed, should cranks whose views coincide with Sir Wilfrid Lawson's be permitted to adjudicate in matters where they are obviously biassed? They must be biassed, or they would see things from the brewers' point of view. So many more public-houses open, so much more money rolling into the coffers of Mr. Bung. This turnover is good for trade, which redounds to the credit of the Empire. Thus a good beer-drinker is an excellent patriot. Q.E.D., Support Home Industries and drink Beer.

It may be pointed out—with trembling modesty as becomes one touching on so vast a business as the liquor trade—that the brewing of beer, if it does not make us a poorer nation to the extent of sending money out of the country, does not make us a wealthier one. Brewers do not go so far as to refuse to purchase foreign goods, for a great quantity of hops are imported—to say nothing of glucose—and so, in a degree, a proportion of the money spent on beer gets into the foreigner's grasp. The remainder is transferred from the pockets of the poor man to those of the rich brewer. However, this is neither here nor there.

There was one very curious feature in the introduction of this new Licensing Bill. The cause of its existence is owing to the tendency of licensing magistrates to refuse renewals to certain public houses in different areas. Yet Mr. Akers Douglas, in introducing the Bill, said this:

> It would appear that in many counties where the licences are mostly thickly distributed, the amount of drunkenness is less, whereas in those, where licences are most thinly distributed, such as Northumberland, Durham, and Lancashire, I am sorry to say drunkenness is most prevalent.

If this is true, surely the brewers are fighting against their own interests. If the lessening of licences in a district, so far from checking drunkenness encourages it, why do not the brewers hail the action of magistrates with glee? Surely they have no æsthetic affection for the public houses? Their love for them simply extends to the returns they yield, and as, according to Mr. Akers Douglas, the fewer the public houses the greater the thirst, so the better returns.

For my part, I should say let anyone who likes sell beer with absolutely no restrictions, but double the excise duty on beer. Nay, more than double it, quadruple it. Personally, I consider it would be a vast gain to the nation if beer were made as expensive as champagne. If beer were made dearer and tea cheaper, it might be unpleasant for Mr. Bung, but it would be a blessing to this country, which it is almost impossible to over-estimate. And, as beer makes its money, not at the expense of foreign nations, but of the people, it could not even lay claim to the sympathies of the Protection

The Bystander in Parliament

IMPERIAL PINT-POTTERS

The House of Commons is a terrible place for unexpected shocks. Of all men there, the last I should have suspected of being a revolutionary is Mr. Bousfield. He is a Conservative, a King's Counsel, an Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and the vice-president of a golf club. Moreover, he looks respectable enough for all this and for much more. I could imagine the hon. and learned gentleman presiding at a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon gathering or directing a Sunday School treat. And yet Mr. Bousfield the other day stood up in his place and proposed that troy weight and apothecaries weight should be abolished!

I am glad to be able to add, for the sake of the reputation of Parliament, that the insidious proposal was resisted, for Sir George Christopher Trout Bartley instantly detected the thin end of the wedge, and he sounded an alarm. He did well—for what is the first thing one learns in the table of Apothecaries' Weight? It is this valuable and helpful truth—"Twenty grains make one scruple." Are we to abandon our scruples? I, for one, say "No," not even though twenty general elections were at hand. There are men on both sides of the House who would die in the last ditch rather than embark upon a policy so unscrupulous.

There were more unsettling revelations than this, for during the debate it was announced that even the pint pot is not entirely trustworthy. It varies in different localities—its internal capacity is larger or smaller, as the case may be. Now, if we lose confidence in the pint pot, in what can we trust? I have always supposed that a pint contains 34·65925 cubic inches, or the eighth part of a gallon. And now I learn that the Scottish pint is equivalent to 3·0065 imperial pints. And this in the land of the "wee drappie," too! The more one looks into the subject the more bewildering does it become.

Any student of history knows that one of the concessions to the grievances of the subject at the time of Magna Charta was that there should be one weight and one measure throughout the land. The brave old boys at Runnymede established certain political rights without much difficulty, but in spite of hundreds of Acts of Parliament we are still without uniformity in the standard of weight and measure. And yet any serious student must admit at once that there is a close and a necessary connection between the size of the pint pot and the success of all schools of political thought. No man can lightly enter upon a general election knowing that there are variations in the capacity of the pint measure—for obviously the other side may get the larger pot, and that would mean disaster to the potters.

One thi ther, as the old lady said, and havin ing truth about the pint, I was disturbed but not surprised to hear that things have been said about the gallon not to its credit. Just as if you take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves, so if you have untrustworthy pints, you cannot rely upon your gallons. Well might the members look at each other with grave concern. This is what comes of attempting to tamper with apothecaries measure and its wholesome old rule about twenty grains making a scruple. If you are against the grain, then away go your scruples, and the pint and the gallon become suspect.

The reader may not know that by statutes of 1689 and 1697 he can claim that the wine gallon shall contain 231 cubic inches. Yet when our forefathers tested the sealed standard gallon at the Guildhall it was found to contain only 224 cubic inches. Now, I ask any man what are we to rely upon, and in what are we to put our trust if not in a gallon at the Guildhall? Short measure there is like heresy in a cathedral—bad anywhere, but made worse by being such an outrage upon the *genius loci*.

A more hideous secret still is to be revealed. A Committee of the House of Commons sat upon the gallon in 1758. They heard all about this inadequacy in the standard measure—and they connived. They were accessories after the fact. Moreover, the Attorney-General of the day had the audacity to propose that this unfairly small gallon should still be used, saying:

> for if the usage of gauging is departed from, he knows not where we shall be, because resort *cannot* be had to the Exchequer for a standard to which almost all the statutes refer; for there is none there but what the King would be vastly a loser by.

Thus we have a law officer of the Crown openly advocating short measure, so that the revenue may gain.

I have no wish to shake public confidence, and so it may be well to add that these discrepancies were discovered before the introduction of imperial measures, about the year 1826. Things may be better now; but if the reader wishes to escape a shattering disillusionment, let him accept his imperial gallon and ask no questions. It should contain 277.274 cubic inches; perhaps it does; but after reading about that tricky gallon measure at the Guildhall, and about the equally tricky advice of an Attorney-General in the past, my faith is shaken. I shall take my gallon with eyes shut, hoping for the best.

The safety of these realms is involved in our adherence to the grains and the pennyweights, the scruples and the drachms, about which we were taught in our youth, and if we abandon them we are unworthy of the Imperial pint of a great and a free people.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

The King and Queen in Ireland

The visit of the King to Ireland this week is a very sporting one so far as Dublin is concerned. Arriving at Kingstown on the morning of Tuesday, the 26th, their Majesties go straight, by special train, from there to Naas, and on to Punchestown races. On Wednesday the King attends Punchestown, and on Friday, the 29th, his Majesty will be at Leopardstown meeting. It is not known definitely if the King will be at the Phœnix Park meeting on Thursday, the 28th, but he will have horses running there. Ambush II. will be one of the competitors at Punchestown and also at Leopardstown.

Photo by *Mendelssohn*

The Countess of Chesterfield

Lady Chesterfield

Lady Chesterfield, *née* Miss Enid Wilson, is one of the loveliest of our young married women. Tall and slight, she possesses that rare and fascinating combination—dark hair and blue eyes, while her smile is peculiarly winning, and her manner to everyone—quite regardless of their position in life—is exceptionally pleasant and charming. Like many other ladies of good position in England, she is quite devoted to gardening, and the grounds at Holme Lacey, her Herefordshire home, are a copy in miniature of those at Hampton Court Palace. Malmaisons, she confessess, are her favourite flower, as pink is the colour which suits her best. Everything out of doors appeals to her, and she infinitely prefers country pursuits to the social amenities of life. She is an ardent and most successful fisherwoman, also hunts a great deal in the winter with the Holderness hounds, and is noted for a special breed of fox-terriers. Hers is a many-sided nature, and politics comprise another subject in which her interest is very keen. Holme Lacey is a wonderful old place, with a quantity of beautiful carving by Grinling Gibbons. In the village of Holme Lacey, which nestles close to it, grows a wonderful pear tree, perhaps the largest fruit tree in England, and the whole neighbourhood—even in Herefordshire—is celebrated for its perry.

The Kaiser

The recent reports about the continued ill-health of the Kaiser are, fortunately, utterly unfounded; he is as much alive, as keenly restless, as ever he was which is saying a great deal, for his energy has alway.

been prodigious. There seems nothing he cannot do, chess-playing, painting, singing, and shooting are only a few among his multifarious accomplishments; card games are the one exception, for they never possessed any attraction for his restless temperament. Once, in a burst of confidence, he observed to an intimate friend, "What can I do to astonish the world?" "Keep quiet for a week or two, that would surprise them more than anything else," was the answer, hardly palatable to the Royal ears. But perhaps the richest of all the anecdotes about the Kaiser is that related by Lionel Brough with such delicious whimsicality. He was dining one day with the Duke of Connaught (then upon a visit to Berlin) on his right, and Sir Frank Lascelles on his left, and for a few minutes had not paid much attention to the conversation. "According to the immortal William, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,'" observed Sir Frank. "What! Did I really say that?" exclaimed the Emperor suddenly waking up. The Emperor is thoroughly natural, and some of his little ways bewilder conventional people. He has once

Photo by *Tellgmann*

The German Emperor

A hitherto unpublished portrait

or twice ordered performances at the theatre for himself alone, one particularly noteworthy occasion being a representation of *Götterdämmerung*, which gave him so much pleasure that he personally decorated Frau Sucher, the leading actress, with an order after it was over. Another time, when Coquelin was performing in Berlin, the Kaiser went to his dressing-room at the conclusion of the play, and told him that, much as he had appreciated his production, he would have preferred to have seen him as Cyrano. "Well, Your Majesty," replied Coquelin, "I can easily call back my company and give you a representation of it now." This was accordingly arranged, the artistes—one and all—playing their level best for the benefit of that audience of one seated behind the curtains of the Royal box in the dimly-lighted theatre. Like most restless mortals, the Emperor requires plenty of fuel, but his taste in food is simple, and he infinitely prefers a plain joint to more costly fare; in consequence, the meals of the German royal family are of the most *bürgerlich* description.

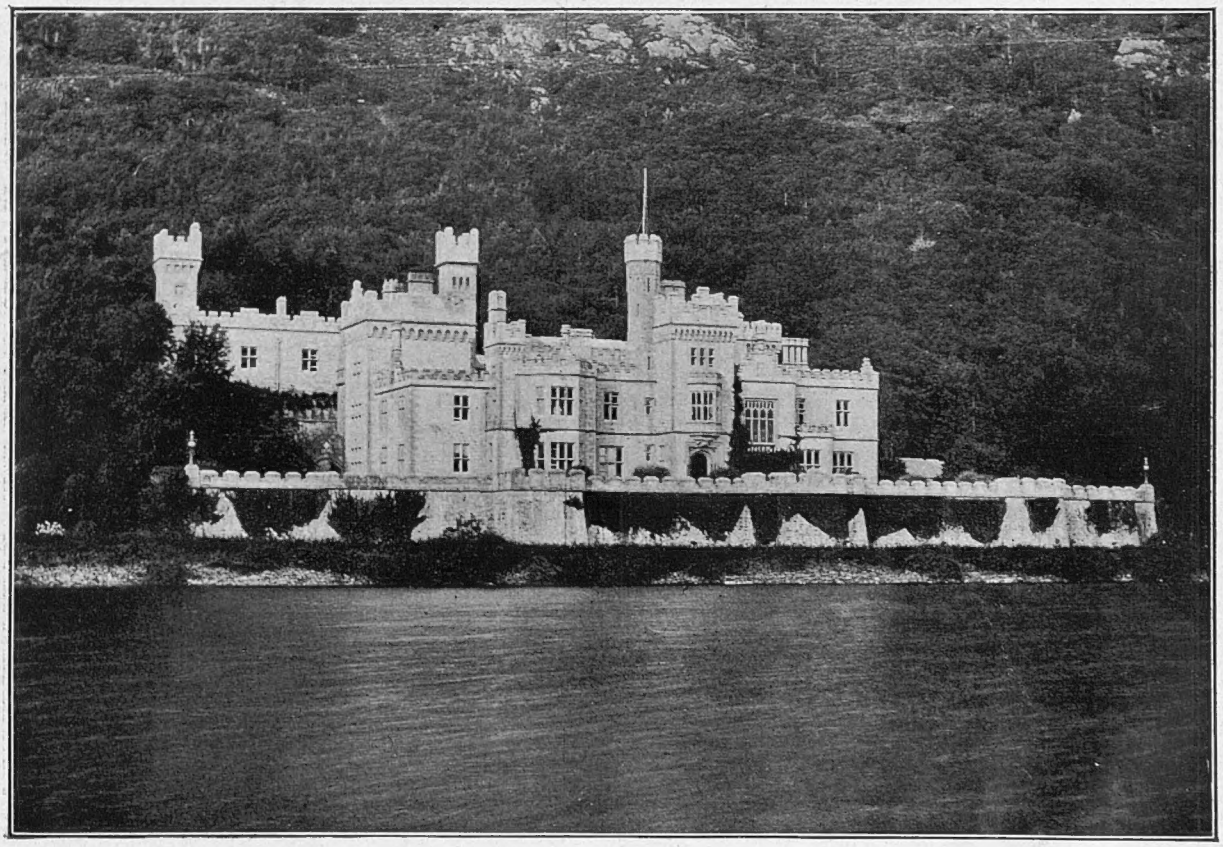


Photo by *Lawrence*

Kylemore Castle, Connemara, the Beautiful Irish Seat of the Duke of Manchester, where the King and Queen will be Entertained

With the Mission to Tibet: Colonel Younghusband, Brig.-General Macdonald, and Staff

STANDING: Major Ray, D.A.Q.M.G., Captain O'Connor (Sec. to Mission), Major Wallace Dunlop (signalling officer), Major Iggulden, C.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel Hogge, Lieut.-Colonel Waddell, I.M.S., C.I.E., P.M.O.

SITTING: Mr. Walsh, I.C.S., Colonel Younghusband, C.I.E. (British Commissioner), Brigadier-General Macdonald, Major Bretherton, D.S.O.

The Countess Metaxas

Wife of the Greek Minister in London

Photo by] **The Late Major C. H. Burt** [*Vandyk*

Riding Master 2nd Life Guards, who was recently killed in a carriage accident in Piccadilly

Lady Herbert of Lea

A dignified and interesting figure at the concert given at Stafford House on April 19 was that of Lady Herbert of Lea, who has long been a leader of Roman Catholic society in England. Her life has always been a full and intense one, and her London home, Herbert House, Belgrave Square, is the acknowledged centre of all kinds of religious and charitable enterprises. There, too, she employs much of her time in literary work, the books bearing her name being of the most severely devotional type. Lady Herbert always spends her holidays in Rome, every stone and corner of the Eternal City being dear to her heart. Her husband, Sidney Herbert, who was raised to the peerage in 1861, and died the same year, was one of the handsomest of men; his wife, too, still retains, in old age, much of that loveliness which years ago delighted Bishop Wilberforce, and induced him to say of her: "The new Mrs. Herbert is a very pleasing, lively-spirited person, with a great deal of pathos, very pretty and pleasant, and (I think) good."

The Countess of Yarmouth

The Countess of Yarmouth, a portrait of whom forms the subject of our frontispiece this week, is a daughter of the late Mr. William Thaw, railway magnate and multi-millionaire, and her marriage, in April last, to the heir of one of England's big families was a very brilliant function at Pittsburg. Lord Yarmouth and his bride came to England almost directly afterwards, and were accorded a most hearty reception at Alcester, near to which quaint old Warwickshire town the grand family seat of Ragley is situated. They stayed for some time with his lordship's parents at Ragley, but have now gone into residence at Park Hall, a picturesque house on the Ragley estate, where the present Marquis of Hertford lived until he succeeded to the title on the lamented death of his father, who was killed in the hunting field as the result of his horse stepping into a rabbit hole. The fact that Lord and Lady Yarmouth have decided to live in the district and at the old home of his lordship's father has caused unbounded satisfaction in the neighbourhood, where the Hertford family are deservedly so highly respected and so warmly loved. The Countess of Yarmouth has not at present taken any very active part in social functions in the district, but to those who have had the advantage of knowing her personally, she has displayed great charm of manner, and there is a general feeling of joy that the future Marquis of Hertford has found so charming a wife.

Photo by *Russell*

Lady Herbert of Lea

The venerable author who is a leader of Roman Catholic society in England

The King of Italy at the Races

His Majesty, wearing a military cap, is shown in the illustration watching the Roman Derby

Drama and Sport

Stratford-on-Avon is a beautiful English town, which for many months in the year is allowed peacefully to brood over its memories. Its awakening from its winter sleep may be said to date from the anniversary of the Bard's birthday, when crowds flock to the Memorial theatre to witness the series of Shakespearean productions by Mr. F. R. Benson's Company. So much has been written about the Benson Company and its excellence as a training ground for the stage aspirant, that excuse is sought for a slight reference to the players, not in their relations to the Drama, but to Sport.

"The Benson Crowd" are about as redoubtable a foe in the cricket field as the ordinary eleven

care to meet. This is the experience not alone of theatrical teams, but of cricketers drawn from the great towns in the provinces. In this connection a delightful story is told of Mr. Benson, which is none the worse for its bearing more on the sporting proclivities of the actor-manager than on fact. A member of his company, who was as indispensable in the playing field as he was behind the footlights, was, unfortunately, taken ill. According to this veracious anecdote, Mr. Benson wired to his agent in London, "Send down a bowler who can act."

Photo by *Cribb*

Diver Karlsson, of the Salvage Ship "Belos"

The most famous diver in the world, who was one of the principals in the raising of the ill-fated Submarine A1

The Popular Mr. Alexander

The public often laughs with a manager's success. It rarely weeps with his failures. Yet the untimely fate which befel that dreary Teutonic sermon-play, *Rosenmontag*, struck a common chord of sympathy which vibrated throughout the body theatric. People grieved not for the play, its authors or adaptors, but because Mr. Alexander was involved in the failure. Mr. Alexander is much more than the stage idol who loses his hold on popular affection the moment he takes off his grease paint and dons the sombre garb of the times. He is admired as a man who has the interests of the dramatic profession very much at heart.

People say of him, and no praise could possibly be better deserved, "There is the actor-manager who, above all others, is on the lookout for the native author, and when he has found the species will give him a chance." The knowledge of these things acted upon the audience who were present at the first night of *Saturday to Monday*, the "irresponsible comedy" from the pens of Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. That the play caused hearty laughter, which will increase as the action gains momentum, is cause for jubilation among the many who sympathise with the work of Mr. Alexander and who appreciate the chance which he has given to two of the most promising of our younger playwrights.

Photo by *A. Ellis and Wallery*

Mr. F. R. Benson

Photo by *Caswall Smith*

Mr. George Alexander

TWO POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGERS

Photo by *Cribb*

"Died in Action"

The crew of the Submarine A1 are borne, with full naval honours, to their last resting-place amid manifestations of sorrow and sympathy from the people of Portsmouth. Admiral Sir John Fisher's message to the fleet is the best expression of public feeling on the disaster. "Our gallant comrades," he signalled, "died in action"

Photo by] **Princess Clementine of Belgium** [*Boute*

Photo by] **The King of the Belgians** [*Blanc*

Photos by **Countess Lonyay** *Koller*
Princess Stephanie

Princess Philippe of Saxe-Coburg
Princess Louise

KING LEOPOLD AND HIS DAUGHTERS: THE LAW SUIT DECIDED

The Belgian Royal Squabble, the course of which has been followed with pity or amusement according to the temperament of the lay observer, has at last reached a termination. The Civil Court decided in favour of King Leopold in the action brought against him by the creditors of his daughter, the Princess Louise, in which Princess Stephanie intervened to recover the r legal share of their late mother's estate. The Court decided that the late Queen's will was not subject to its jurisdiction, the marriage contract being in reality an international treaty. The Princesses were, therefore, non-suited on the legal point

"As It Happens"

Though financially embarrassed lovers of the weed may be fuming at the Budget, they are, strange to say, the very persons who will "fume" (to use a Gallicism) less in the long run than usual.

The Mad Mullah, after engaging the protracted attention of our forces and costing us three million pounds, has left for Italy, thereby excluding our Somaliland expedition from further action. It is reassuring to hear that the Mullah's phase of insanity is not likely to become common among lunatics.

Mr. Justice Darling, speaking the other day of stage law, mentioned an instance from a dramatic masterpiece in which I share his acquaintance. "I know," he observed weightily, "a play where someone leaves an earldom by will, and the plot turns upon that." If I am not mistaken, this particular piece includes a county cricket match, and Middlesex win because they have a double advantage: (*a*) The hero is a member of the team; (*b*) They are playing on their own ground—the Oval.

There is one more point in the *chef d'œuvre*. I am prepared to swear that the sporting villain (who has reduced the muscular but unsophisticated hero to the verge of circumstantial ruin) "sustains a fatal fall" on Tattenham Corner as he rides to win (dishonestly) the Grand National!

Park Pests

(An agitation is proceeding to eliminate the pestilential loafer and unwholesome vagabond from the public parks in London.)

How they've tainted the air,
And each emerald chair,
These park pests! I mean, anecdote dumpers,
Bores with cures for the gout,
Men who've golfed, or killed trout,
Or harp on grand-slams and no-trumpers.

There's a vacuous fool,
Who has "known you at school,"
And asks you to dinner next Friday;
While, escape if you can,
From the *risqué* old man,
Who tells of what happened in "my day."

Then a creature in pink
Says (before you can slink
Unobtrusively off to the leeward)
In a shrill, gushing yelp
That she's "sure you will help
At a charity concert, as steward."

But, adieu! from afar
Beckon's Clara's mamma.
. . . . . .
I'm now apopletic and fit-y
She's decided to "hold."
"*Could her brokers be told?*"
So I stagger away to the city.

The strike of compositors at Lisbon has caused every newspaper in the Portuguese capital to suspend publication. Great inconvenience attends the postponement of weddings, parties, and foreign visits, and we sympathise with that section of Lisbon society which is endeavouring to find a form of insurance against the recurrence of the present *impasse*.

H. W.

The Spring Poet Shooting Season

The spring poet shooting season opened yesterday in Fleet Street and neighbourhood in dull weather. Poets were weak on the wing, few reaching any height at all, and it was noticed that the large majority suffered from deformed feet.

Mr. Halkett, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had with him a large party of editors to shoot over the Holborn coverts, while Mr. Alfred Spender, Mr. F. C. Gould, and party had a pleasant day's sport in Tudor Street. But it was in Fleet Street itself that the best day's work was done. A large company of sportsmen, which included Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. E. T. Cook, Lord Burnham, Mr. Cadbury, and other well-known people, set out from Temple Bar, and made their way down Fleet Street, grassing every poet who was unfortunate enough to cross their path. One of the party thus describes his experiences:

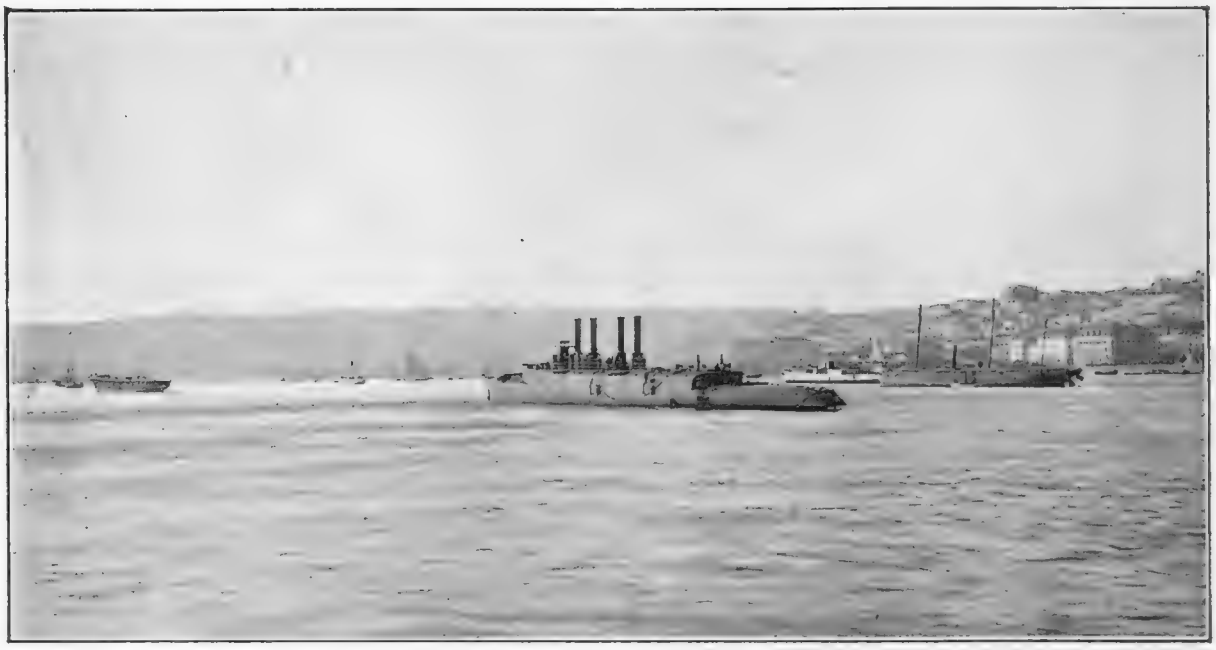
"There is no more delightful sport than that of spring poet shooting. The breed is easily recognised by the length of its hair, and the peculiar sound it emits when on the wing. One distinguishes a soft murmur of "love-dove-above"—and then the poet darts before one's eyes, only the next moment to disappear or fall beneath one's gun. When not flying, the common note heard amongst these poets is something like this: "Did you use my little verses?" but at these times they easily become the victim of one's powder and shot. During our first day over the Fleet Street coverts my party did a large amount of execution. Poets were numerous, so that sport was good, and, though it was my first attempt, I myself brought down seven brace. Great keenness was shown in rooting out poets who had taken refuge in the offices of certain weekly journals, the staffs of these papers acting as beaters with the greatest willingness. Our total bag for the day was 240 brace spring poets, and two Journalists of beautiful yellow plumage, shot by Mr. Cadbury."

We hear that Dr. Robertson Nicoll will entertain a large party at his Paternoster Row box next month for Scotch Idyllist shooting.

FRANK ELIAS

N.B.—The writer is rather lax; he omits to mention the huge bag made by THE BYSTANDER *staff on our Tallis Street preserves, so huge that we dare not count it.*—ED.

FROM ABROAD.



Peculiar Torpedo Craft, in Course of Construction by the Portuguese Naval Authorities for River Defence

The funnels remind one of a "Penny steamer," while the stern looks like a submarine

A Russian Battleship Coaling at Port Said

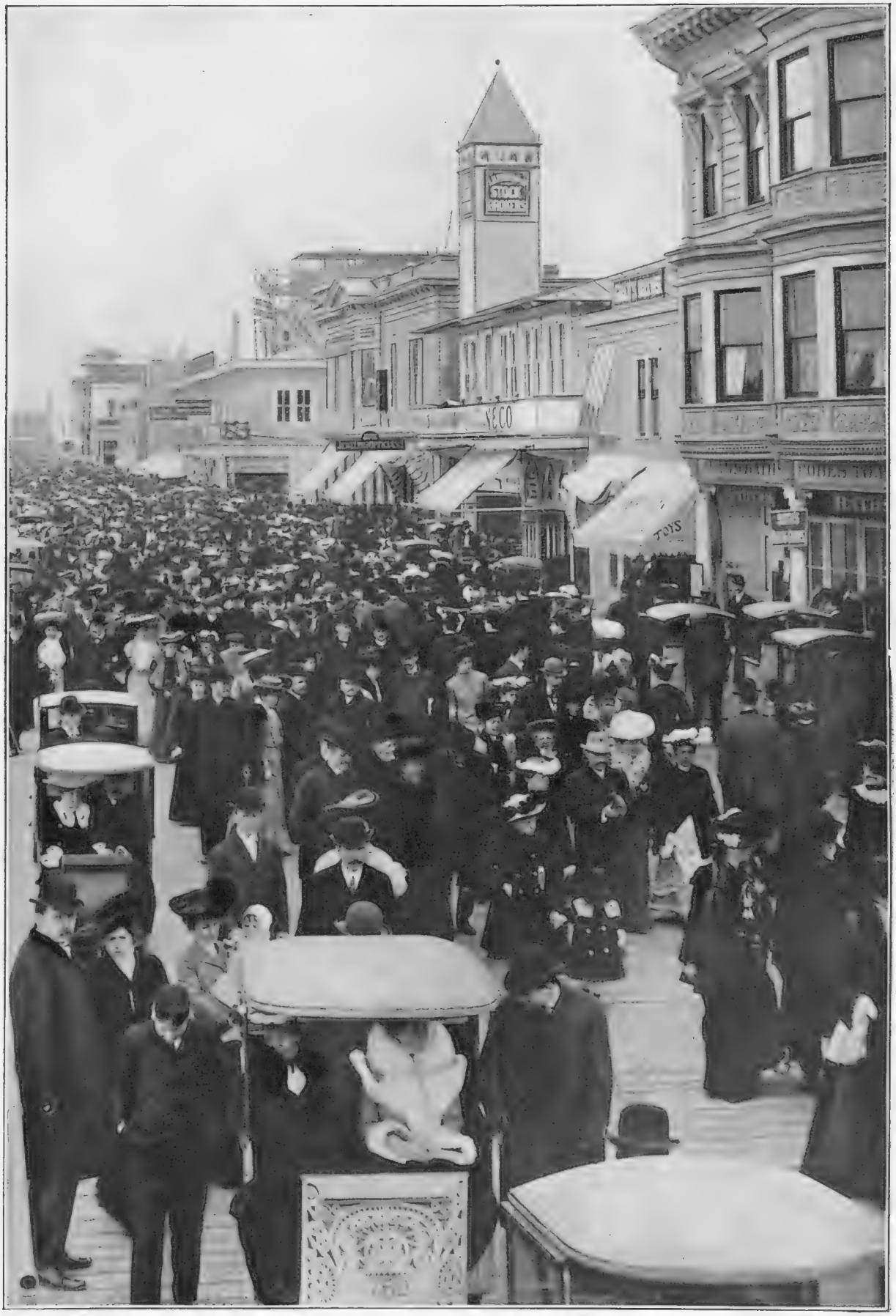


Photo by *Peirce and Jones*

Easter Sunday at Atlantic City, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Atlantic City may be termed the Blackpool of the United States. Situated on a narrow, sandy island off the coast of New Jersey, about sixty miles from Philadelphia, its natural advantages as a seaside resort have been added to by the most up-to-date methods of amusement catering. In the early morning, trains crowded with holiday-makers pour into the town until it would seem as though the town could receive no more. Towards evening, the tide of human progression begins to turn, and the crowds who have been to Atlantic City "for the day" begin the return journey to their homes. Easter Sunday is the first day of the season, and the well-filled appearance of the boarded "front" in our illustration augurs well for the coming summer

SCENES IN MOROCCO

OVER WHICH FRANCE, BY THE NEW AGREEMENT, HAS OBTAINED A PROTECTORATE

A View Over the Roofs of Fez, the Second Capital of Morocco

The city of Fez was founded about 787, by Muley Edris, a descendant of Mahomet, and for over 1,000 years has been one of the sacred cities of Islam. It is as famous for its university as for its importance as a commercial centre. The library of the great Cherubim Mosque contains 30,000 MSS.

Photos by *Avery*

One of the Forts of Fez

The walls of the city are in a crumbling condition, and the extensive palace of the Sultan is now partly in ruins and quite incapable of withstanding any determined attack

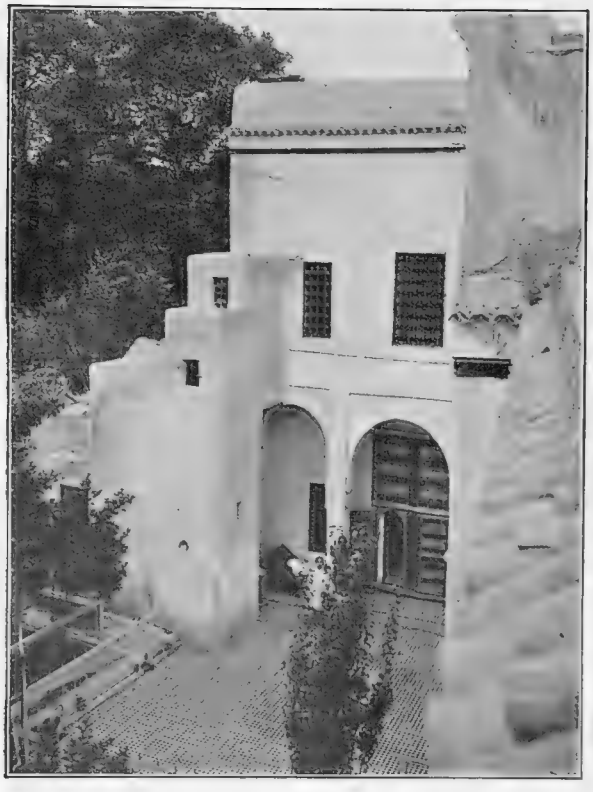
One of the Forts of Larache, Morocco

Larache is one of the principal coast towns of Morocco, and, as our illustration amply testifies, its fortifications are more picturesque than deadly

Photos by *Avery*

The Grand Square in the City of Morocco (Marakesch

Morocco has three capitals, which are also Imperial residences—Fez, Mequinez, and Marakesch. The Imperial Palace and gardens at Marakesch extend over 180 acres. The population of this town, which in the thirteenth century is said to have been 700,000, has now dwindled down to 60,000



The Exterior of a Moorish House at Fez

Although Moorish houses are for the most part substantially built, the streets are narrow, dirty, and insanitary to the last degree

A Moorish Woman in Outdoor Dress

A traveller, writing on the women of Morocco, says: "Close seclusion and muffling of the face limit observation, but the traveller sees enough to convince him that the gift of beauty has not been withheld from the women of Morocco

Photos by *Avery*

Moorish Women of the Poorer Class Selling Bread

The market-places in the city afford the visitor an excellent opportunity of studying the peculiar manners, dress, and customs of the people. The women vendors, closely muffled, sit crouching over their wares, and all that the visitor sees of their beauty is one eye

A Sardine Boat off the Coast of Brittany

The return of these boats is anxiously looked for after their hard day's work off the rocky coast. Before being landed, the sardines are sorted into baskets, each containing 210 fishes—the surplus ten being meant to represent a customary ration of gin which the fishers receive beyond the bargain. Whatever hour of the day or night the boats arrive, the sardines have to be treated at once. Their heads have to be chopped off, and they are plunged in boiling oil. It is a common sight to see the workers lying asleep on the seaweed covered beach before their night's work commences

Landing Sardines at Biarritz

Of late years the Sardine fishery along the French coast has been a disastrous failure. In Brittany, wages of the men for the past year have been under a franc and a half per day. One of the principal merchants says that his business has dro from a million tins to a few thousands

A FAILING INDUSTRY: THE SARDINE FISHERIES OF WEST FRANCE

"At the Sign of the Times"

CONFESSIONS OF A JOURNALIST

The Heaviness of a Writer's Post-bag

I am not oppressed, as so many young journalists are, by letters from people anxious for advice. Elderly business men do not write to me asking how they ought to invest their money; care-worn parents do not implore me to tell them what to do with their lads; artists do not submit their pictures to me, nor poets their tragedies, with the humble request that I shall cast my eye upon them and bid them hope. If I were Mr. Hall Caine, or some other writer of an equally vast reputation, I could understand this neglect. I should say to myself, "People do not write to me because I am too famous. Even poets are dimly aware that a man whose autograph is worth half-a-crown—at the lowest estimate—cannot spend his time criticising tragedies which may be imperishable, if kept in a safe, but are, if sent to a publisher, more likely than not to find their grave in a waste paper-basket. And if poets are aware of it, so must be all other people, who would, but for this reason, overwhelm me with their correspondence.

Is Shown to be Comparatively Speaking

I should say this to myself, if by any stretch of imagination I could believe my autograph to be worth even the miserable sum of a shilling. But it is not. I would sell it for sixpence to any man alive, and the purchaser would not even be bound to enclose a stamped addressed envelope. No, I would throw in a stamp and an envelope for the money. Being, then, a journalist, and in no sense a famous one, I cannot understand why my advice is so seldom sought. It must be, I suppose, that I have not that deep seriousness—that high-toned style—which in these latter days has led to the ousting of the father confessor, the doctor, the solicitor, and the family friend, and to the substitution of the young Press-man, who is so much readier and more sympathetic than any of them.

No Criterion (In the Present Writer's Case)

To say that I rejoice at not being asked to advise would be untrue. It would also suggest that the grapes were sour. No man can dislike the notion of having the great public hanging upon his lips. He cannot object to the thought of receiving letters, alike from the duchess in her scented boudoir (if duchesses scent their boudoirs, which I trust they do not do) and the rough miner at his camp-fire. If in practice these letters become too numerous and too discursive, one need not read them. Still less need one reply to them. But, to return to my argument, though I regret my inability to attract the confidence of the general public, and am deeply envious of men just as young and thoughtless as myself who succeed where I fail, I have nevertheless one consolation.

Of His Merit

My friends—those chosen ones who, so to speak, have "wrought and fought and sailed with me" (oh, golden days, when my schooner used to hoist the pirate flag—upon the Round Pond, in Kensington Gardens!); who, as a necessary corollary, know what they are up to (and what I am up to), and are not blinded by my handling of epithets or my phrase-making or my psychological insight or by any other piece of mere literary craft, do seek my counsel upon one point. It is not, I confess, a point of politics, or of literary criticism, or of morals or even of philosophy. My views upon politics, sound as they are in substance and luminous as they are in exposition, do not seem as interesting to my friends as I could wish. My moral and literary judgments, based upon wide observation and—often—profound thought, have been contradicted ere now. My philosophy (unique on its analytical side) has from time to time been found wearisome. But those who know me have never failed to confess that I am supreme in one business—the business of stopping a pipe And it is by this supremacy—if by any—that I shall, in the words of Horace, some day strike the stars with my head.

Which Consists Rather

Some men driven by the unrestful ambitions of the day would scorn to base their claims to immortality upon such a foundation. They prefer to be distinguished for having made some peculiarly unpleasant addition to the income-tax or for having added a swamp to our Imperial possessions or for having sold more tin-tacks in ten years than any other man in East Anglia. Fifty years hence they will be shadows of names. Some other Chancellor will have added twopence more than they, some other Proconsul will have exchanged that swamp for the right to catch cod off Montenegro; some other Manufacturer will have sold a billion more tacks han this one dreamed of. The work that such men do changes with the years, and the triumph of one generation becomes the mockery of the next. Nor will there be anything to show that the work these men did was good in itself, or benefited anyone.

In Bene'iting

But art is good in itself and remains. And the man who teaches it confers a million benefactions. I can never picture a time at which the

art of stopping a pipe will change. Pipes may change and tobacco be grown on the ruins of London. There will always be men needing to know how those pipes are best filled with that tobacco. I, by giving my counsel now—counsel gained on the hard fields of experience—am supplying a race of teachers for posterity, and warding off—I will not say the ruin—but the misspending of the lives of men as yet unborn.

In Humble Ways

Some day I shall produce my ten volumes on "How to Stop a Pipe," thereby sowing the seeds of knowledge more widely than I am able to do at present. They will be very welcome, I know. For at present as wise smokers are aware, the art of stopping a pipe is confined to the very few. Many smoke, but few smoke properly. I am not speaking as a controversialist. I do not, for example, condemn the cigarette-smoker *in toto*, nor, like Mr. Barrie, pity those who do not smoke my own particular pipe-mixture. A man may smoke what he likes for me, provided that he smokes it in the right way. There lies the difficulty.

His Ignorant

When I read novels in which the hero envies the old gentleman whose fair daughter fills and lights his pipe for him, I could weep for the ignorance of my fellow-creatures and the suffering entailed thereby. Optimists may say, "Ah, but such things only occur in novels by lady writers; they have no bearing upon reality." I know better. Such novels are in fact the work of the realistic school. There are—painful as it is to admit it—young men who really do envy old gentlemen whose daughters fill their pipes; there are old gentlemen who encourage the perfidious work; there are maidens—well-meaning maidens—willing to undertake what should be only an expert's business. . . . And, as likely as not, after they have choked the delicate bowl, they apply a light to it with a wax match. The result can only be misery. . . I do not care to dwell upon it. . .

Fellow-Creatures

The victims may not be conscious of their sufferings to the extent to which I am conscious of it. Indeed, they cannot be. That is the insidious effect of neglecting to cultivate an art. In any railway carriage that is marked "Smoking" you may see examples of men who break every law of the art of smoking and smirk cheerily through it all. Some day there will be an awakening, no doubt, and men will perceive to their shame to what depths they have fallen. In the meantime, I have said enough to show why I am proud of being upon an eminence.

MINIMUS

Garden of Mr. Fukuzawa's House in Tokyo

Mr. Fukuzawa is the son-in-law of Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London. He edits *Jiji Shimpo*, the great Japanese daily paper

THE "E.C." MINES WHICH BLEW UP THE "PETROPAVLOVSK"

Fitting Electro-Contact Mines on H.M.S. "Vernon"

It was a mine, such as the one shown above, which caused the destruction of the Russian battleship, *Petropavlovsk*. These mines, which float at a certain depth below the surface of the water, are moored to the bottom. They are connected with what are known technically as "circuit closers," by which they are electrically exploded immediately a ship strikes them

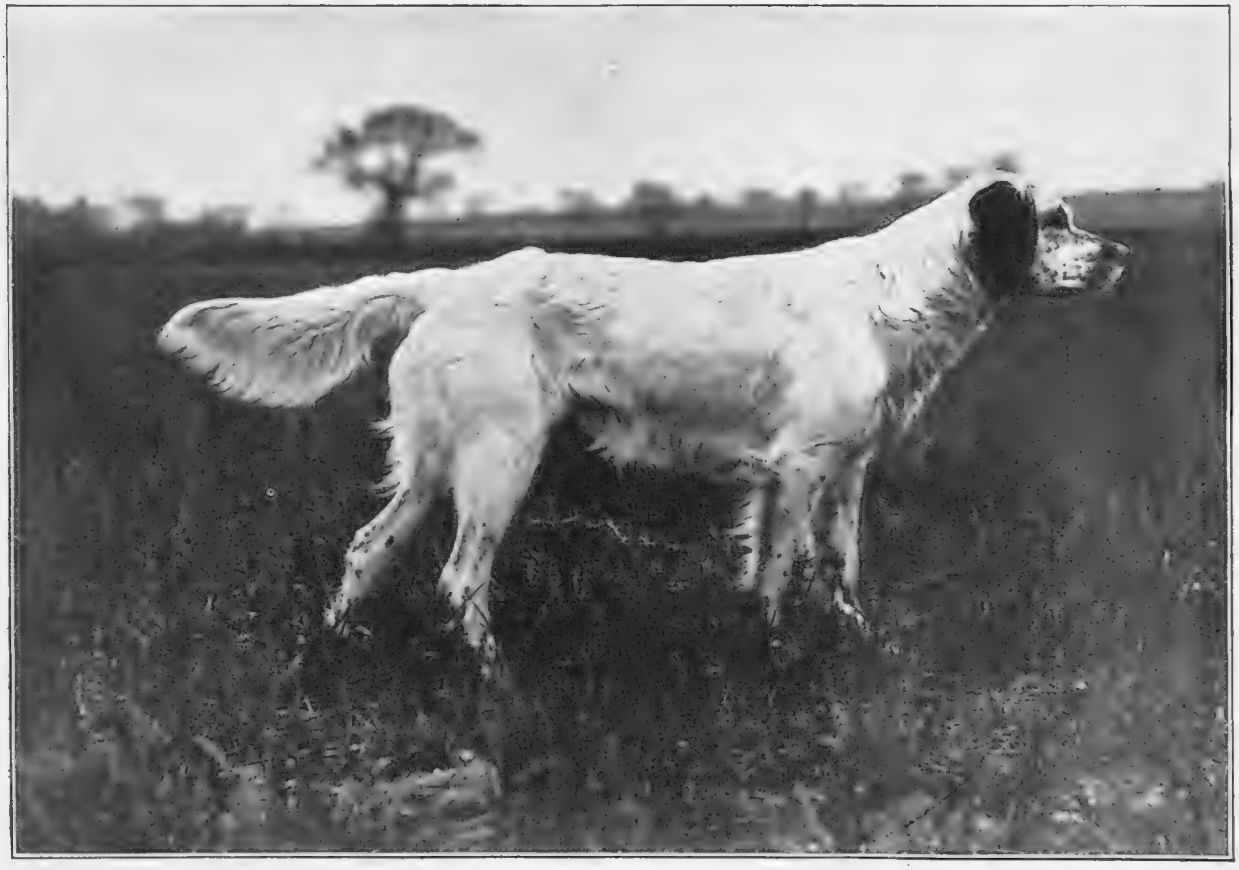
Photos by *Cozens*

Officers of H.M.S. "Vernon" Laying Out Dummy Mines

The prominent part played by submarine mines and torpedoes in the recent Far Eastern conflicts has caused renewed activity in these departments on board His Majesty's ships

THE KENNEL CLUB SPRING FIELD TRIALS

Mr. E. Bishop's Pointers, "Bang Pedro" and "Master Pedro"
Winners of Brace Stakes



Mr. F. C. Lowe's English Setter, "Grant of Bobbing"
Winner of Field Trial Derby for 1903 puppies

CONCERNING MR. J. M. BARRIE

"Novelist" is the word by which Mr. J. M. Barrie prefers to describe himself when making his will, taking out a licence for an automobile, or performing any of those solemn acts in our existence which make it necessary for a man to put to himself the tremendous question, "What am I?" Mr. Barrie writes down "Novelist," doing so, no doubt, in thoroughly good faith. It is a question of the point of view. The writer of these lines would put him down as "Wizard," and though the description possibly might not satisfy a policeman desirous of establishing Mr. Barrie's identity, or an Inland Revenue Commissioner bent on learning the source of his income for purposes of assessment, it gives a better account of him than the word "novelist," which has the utterly ridiculous effect of placing him in a category with——well, never mind names; think of the worst and most hateful writer you know. The chances are a thousand to one that this will be a novelist, and so, by Mr. Barrie's account, his brother —or sister—in art.

No: some bolder term is needed to express the supremacy of Mr. Barrie over others of his craft, and "wizard" will do. Nor is that term here applied to him solely "in consideration of his merits as a writer of fiction," as the distributor of Civil List pensions puts it. All writing men recognise that those merits are the least remarkable thing about Mr. Barrie's success. There have been in the course of the world's history greater writers than Mr. Barrie, and greater novelists. There are now, in fact. It may be that the reader of this passage is prepared to uphold Miss Corelli against all the world. Mr. Kipling has his votaries: and Mr. Silas Hocking. And I once met an American who vowed that the novels of Mrs. Rachel Pott—a writer whose acquaintance I have still to make—were without a rival in the whole range of literature. So it is not as if Mr. Barrie was *facile princeps*—or, as my American friend translates it, "easy boss"—in the domain of fiction.

The marvellous and apparently magic thing about Mr. Barrie is simply the money that he makes. An estimate of his income (accompanied by some not less interesting facts about his taste in wine, his favourite colour, and his size in hats) was published not long ago in one of the personal weeklies; and it was put at either seven thousand, or seventeen thousand, or twenty-seven thousand, a year—the figures, as Mr. Chamberlain says, are immaterial. Undoubtedly they are something monstrous. He is certainly not among those hustlers of the pen who keep modern literature perpetually on the boil. He will not be hurried. Yet a cataract of cheques pours ever into his banking account.

And with it all, who could look less like a bloated capitalist than Mr. Barrie? No visible aura of opulence surrounds his person, as it generally surrounds those of the indubitably rich. It is, at any rate, not visible at the distance which Mr. Barrie—no self-advertiser—prefers to keep between himself and the public. It may be that at closer quarters the insignia of wealth can be discerned about him. His cigar may proclaim itself, closely examined, one of the fifty-pound-a-box brand with which the company promoter drugs his conscience. His ties may be found to have been made to order, and his linen to have been washed at a private laundry in the South of France. But to the gaze of the great mass of his admirers Mr. Barrie appears as an unassuming and rather untidy man, with a secret sorrow. Those who assume that any Scotsman must have Celtic blood might set him down as suffering from the chronic gloom which is understood to afflict persons of that strain. Of whatever origin, it is at least a very sound and pure article of melancholy which looks out of the eyes of this charmingly humorous writer.

People who profess to know have an explanation of Mr. Barrie's air of haunting sadness to offer. Ever since it was forced upon him that he would never play cricket well enough to be a professional, his life has crept upon a broken wing. Cricket is his passion. It is ever with him waking: it fills his dreams: and indiscretion at the supper-table has its punishment for him in long nightmares of being continually hit for six, or of endless iterations of the agony of being bowled first ball. An unsuccessful innings is wormwood in his cup. He would rather make a century for a little Iberian village than score a duck for Rome, and the tragedy of his existence is never to have met the bowling that he could do what he liked with.

The match-card of the Allahakbarries, of whom Mr. Barrie is the founder and captain, is a document known to very few. Fewer still have seen the reports of the season's work, drawn up by Mr. Barrie, which are (with due regard to the claims of Mr. E. V. Lucas) probably the funniest things in the literature of the game. "Allah Akbar" is piously believed by the members of the club (for which such giants as Sir Conan Doyle and Mr. A. E. W. Mason have made a run or runs) to be a phrase meaning "Lord help us."

Once Mr. Barrie, explaining at a dinner of the club how its birth came about, told how, as he and a friend were walking in a lane, they saw a sparrow on a hedge. "I picked up a stone," he related, "and threw it: and it hit the hedge And from that we got to talking about country sports in general." Then the idea of the Allahakbarries came to Mr. Barrie. They hope to win a match this season.

"Also some plays," adds Mr. Barrie to the list of his novels in a certain work of reference. The point of the joke is, of course, that it is the quite unparalleled success of his plays throughout the English-speaking world that is Mr. Barrie's gold-mine. It might be wished that all owners of gold-mines were as admirable, as delightful, and as British as Mr. Barrie.

My Lord Nicotine

BRIDGE

Our Fourth Fortnightly Competition

NO LONG DRAWN-OUT SCHEME—ONE HAND ONLY

THE BYSTANDER offers its readers three prizes for the best solutions of the play, at Double Dummy, of the hand set out on this page. A similar competition takes place every other week. The prizes are as follow:

1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

All solutions of the play of the hand given this week must reach the office of THE BYSTANDER not later than the first post on Friday, May 6.

A competitor asks what are the rules of Double Dummy. They are the same as those of Dummy Bridge. If the dealer declares from his own hand the hand on his left leads before the other two hands are exposed. If the dealer leaves the declaration, his dummy has to make it in accordance with the rules of Dummy Bridge. If the first hand doubles a left declaration, the dealer may not look again at his own hand before doubling or crying content.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page viii. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played AT DOUBLE DUMMY.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♡ A	♡ K	♡ 7	♡ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

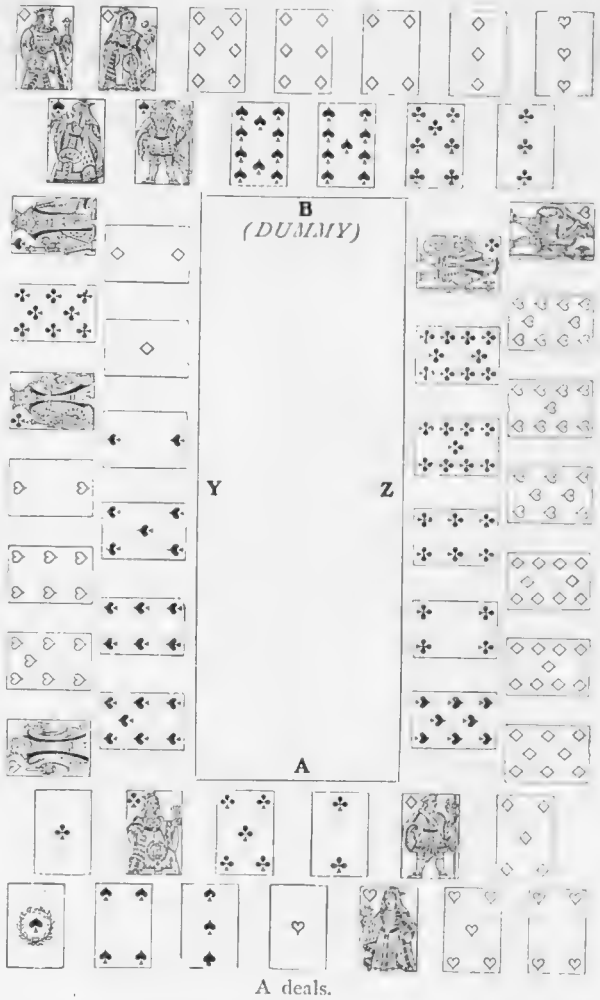
9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions: thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

THE HAND.

DOUBLE DUMMY.



A deals.

NOTE TO COMPETITORS.—In order to give as many as possible of our regular competitors a chance of a prize, winners of prizes in these Fortnightly Competitions will not be eligible for another prize for the next five competitions. "PROBLEMATICUS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

AMGO.—You are right; it is a blind lead.

"W."—We give the full play of these Double Dummy hands, when we publish the names of the prize-winners, because our chief purpose in these competitions is to improve our readers' play; that is also one of the reasons of Rule 7. You are wrong in supposing that an ordinary Bridge hand would be far more popular than Double Dummy problems; we changed from the ordinary Bridge hand to Double Dummy because it was the wish of our readers.

THE THRONE MAKER

"I made my models, and mighty handsome they were"

By

W. L. ALDEN

"BEEN in Yurrup some time?" asked the man who sat opposite to me in the train that was rushing from Euston to Liverpool.

I replied that I had spent several years in Europe.

"What's your opinion of Yurrupean kings," continued the man. "Do you consider that there's any enterprise and hustle among 'em? I haven't found any, but perhaps you have."

On my replying that I had no personal acquaintance with the monarchs of Europe, my companion became confidential, and told me the following story:

"I'm going back to America after having made the first big failure in my whole business career. It wasn't my fault. It was just due to the lack of enterprise among these ridiculous kings. I'll tell you all about it, if you care to listen.

"I came over here last March with a full line of thrones. I'd been looking at a picture one day of King Solomon sitting on his throne, and all of a sudden an idea struck me. Says I to myself: 'There hasn't been any substantial improvement in thrones since Solomon's time, and there's a big field for enterprise in throne-making.' So I thought over the thing a spell, and made up my mind to manufacture models of new and improved thrones, and take them to Europe, and get orders from the reigning kings and emperors.

"You see my idea was that the sort of throne that would suit one king wouldn't suit another. There's kings that they call constitutional, and can't go beyond the regular programme of their duties. And there's kings that can do as they please in everything. There's kings that are shot at regular, and then again there's kings that ain't worth shooting at. Now one standard pattern of throne, such as Solomon used, wouldn't suit every sort of king, and I calculated to make my thrones fit the particular needs of each reigning king.

"Well! I got to work, and studied up about all the monarchs of Yurrup. In about two weeks I knew the ways of this king and that king down to the ground, and reckoned that I knew just the sort of thrones that they required.

"I made my models, and mighty handsome they were. I used the best Spanish cedar, and the most expensive varnish, and gilt, and velvet, and everything that could give them a stylish and attractive appearance. They are what I call real objects of art, and I've half a mind to hire a hall when I get home, and exhibit them, and give a lecture on thrones and monarchical institutions generally.

"I came to England in March, as I said, and the second day after my arrival I took a cab, and put my model of an English throne on the front seat, nicely wrapped up in brown paper, and told the cabman to drive to Buckingham Palace, where I was told the King lived. The throne was just the thing for your king. It was what I called an interconvertible throne and lounge. It looked like a first-class throne, where the King could sit and wear his crown, and emphasize his remarks with his sceptre, till he might be tired. Then all he would have to do would be to press a button, and the thing would open out and back till it became a comfortable lounge, where he could lie and rest, and perhaps doze a little, while his Prime Minister read death warrants, and reports of Committees, and such, to him. I was proud of that throne, and felt sure that the King, being a mighty intelligent man, would catch on to the idea of it at once. But, as it happened, he never saw it.

"I drove up to the front door of the Palace, and asked the chap in uniform at the door if the King was in. He looked sort of curious at me, and then he says, 'His Majesty is, at present, in London.'

"'Very good,' says I. 'Will you just take him my card, and say that I want to see him for about ten minutes?'

"'No, I will not,' says the chap, 'and you'd better drive away from here in double quick time.'

"'Go slow my friend,' says I. 'If the King don't see me he'll miss the chance of a lifetime. I've got the model of a throne in that cab that will lighten the king business for him fully fifty per cent. If you

(All rights reserved)

prevent him seeing it, and he ever gets to hear of the matter, your situation won't be worth much.'

"'You move on at once,' says he. 'If you want to see the king, go to your ambassador, and if he's as big a lunatic as you, perhaps he'll arrange to have you presented.'

"This wasn't what I called polite. So I says to the man, 'My friend! If ever you come to the States, and want to see our President, you'll find that the policemen at the White House know how to treat a stranger, and that the President isn't above seeing any man that calls on him.'

"With that I drove straight to the American Ambassador, and told him my story, but he didn't help me worth a cent. He advised me to go home at once, and said that there wasn't any opening for a dealer in thrones in Yurrup. He told me that perhaps I might manage to get an order or two from the African kings, but that no Yurrupean monarch would dare to order a throne from an American, for fear of being thought unpatriotic. I took his talk for what it was worth. All he wanted was to get rid of me. He didn't happen to know that the Senator from his own State is a particular friend of mine. It's my idea that, after I get home, that Ambassador will hear something that he won't much like.

"After that, I gave up England as a place for trade, and went straight to Berlin, where the Ambassador, knowing that I was a leading citizen of Oshkosh, presented me to the Emperor. I found William a first-class good fellow, though he lacks enterprise, like all the rest of the kings. I told him about my model of a throne for him, and he made an appointment with me to show it to him the next day. So I went to my hotel considerably encouraged, and got out the model, and polished up the gilt work and so on, and took it round to the Emperor at the appointed time. It was just the sort of throne he needed. There was a big armed chair for him to sit in, and a rack behind it, where he could hang up his crown and sceptre when he happened to be alone for a few minutes. There were drawers in the throne, where he could keep paper, and ink, and telegraph forms, and a telephone instrument all ready to be connected with the public wires. Then there was a cupboard with painting materials, in case the Emperor should suddenly want to paint a picture, and there was a violin and an accordion, in case he should want to make a little music. And underneath the throne was a shelf, with glasses and stone jugs, and a reservoir, holding twenty gallons of beer, that he could draw by pressing a button whenever he might want to be a little friendly with a visiting king, or an ambassador, or a minister.

"The Emperor looked the throne all through, and said that it was a wonderful invention, and that he would give a good deal if he could use it. 'Only,' says he, 'the trouble is that I must use the throne of my sainted grandfather. If I didn't, it would look very inconsistent with the remarks I sometimes make about him.'

"'Your grandfather was all right, Your Majesty,' says I, 'but he's a back number now. What you need is an up-to-date throne, and here you've got it. Give me an order, and I'll have a throne here for you in four weeks' time.'

"But I couldn't get an order out of him. That grandfather of his always blocked the way.

"He said good-day to me, just as polite as you please, but when I called again at the Palace, which I did every day for the next four days, he always sent down word that he wasn't at home, and the last day a policeman told me that if I showed myself in the

"I was arrested when I crossed the Russian frontier, and kept in gaol for the best part of a week"

Palace yard again he would lock me up. So I gave up Berlin as a bad job, and went to Russia, to try if I could get an order from the Tsar.

"I had a throne that I knew would meet the wants of a Russian emperor. It was built on the principle of our American desks that have a place for a typewriting machine that lets you lower the machine into the interior of the desk when it isn't in use. This Russian throne was built of Harveyised steel, and couldn't be penetrated by any rifle that has yet been made. The Emperor could sit in a chair on this throne quite comfortable, until somebody should begin to shoot at him. Then all he had to do was to press a spring, and his chair would sink down into the throne, and a steel trap door would close over him, and there he would be, safe and sound, no matter how long the assassins might keep on shooting. There were other points about this particular throne, but I have given you the central idea about it. I had a big forty-two calibre revolver in the throne, that I meant to experiment with, by showing the Emperor how completely the steel would resist the bullets, but I calculate I made a mistake in not hiding the revolver when I came to cross the Russian frontier. Anyhow, when the Custom House officers found it, they arrested me, and confiscated the model of the throne, swearing that it was an infernal machine for blowing up the Tsar. They kept me in gaol for the best part of a week, and then the American Ambassador got me released, on condition that I would leave Russia at once, and never enter it again.

"I said to myself that I would try one more king, and that if I made a failure with him I'd quit the throne business. This time I went to Rome, and had a nice interview with the Italian king. He's a little chap, but he's all right, except, of course, in the matter of enterprise. Our ambassador presented me, and I brought the model for an Italian throne to the Palace a few days later. It was the handsomest—that is to say, the showiest, throne I had made, for the Italians go in for show most as much as our own people do. The throne was just a solid mass of gilt, with imitation diamonds let into it every three inches apart. It had a nice little wine cellar underneath, something like the beer reservoir in the throne I meant for the German Emperor, only this was smaller, and was fitted with an arrangement for cooling the wine with ice. There was a hand-organ concealed in the throne, which the king could play by working a crank with his foot, and I told him that it would be a popular feature of his receptions if he were to play this organ all the time that folks were being presented to him. The king was mightily pleased with the throne, and he called his little daughter, who has about two years old, as I should judge, and made her sit down on it and work the organ. He offered to buy the model for his daughter, to use as a babyhouse, but I didn't like the idea. As for buying a throne for himself, he merely laughed at the proposal. He said he never had a throne, and that he just used an ordinary chair. He said that there were so many republicans in his dominions that they wouldn't stand his setting up a regular throne. I tried to convince him that being a king in active service he ought to put on all the style he could command, but he wouldn't agree with me. The plain truth is, that he hadn't the enterprise to want to do anything new. He had been contented with his plain armed chair, and he couldn't see that he needed anything better.

"After that failure I packed up and started for home. I'm going to sail on the *Campannier* to-morrow, and if it wasn't that my models are all about the ship, I would get you to come to a hotel in Liverpool and have a look at them. You'd find that it would pay you for your trouble."

THE FRUGAL MEMBER

(Sir F. Carne Rasch, M.P. for Mid-Essex, has written to the Westminster Gazette, *protesting against the statement that the Ministerialist lunches at expensive restaurants, and so fails to come up to time at critical divisions. "A dog-biscuit and a glass of water," he adds, "is more the sort of thing, so far as I am concerned, than the fatuous rubbish of a 30s. lunch at the Constitutional.")*

I.

I heard the charge and stood appalled,
They said that I, stern duty's slave,
Those very hours when Party called
To Sybaritic pleasures gave;
I, who watched others lunchward go,
And lingered on, afraid to risk it;
Content to sip my H_2O
And munch an inexpensive biscuit!

II.

I've suffered indigestion's ills,
My burly frame grows all too spare,
Through giving time to Party bills
I might have given to bills of fare;
For when the foe his sortie made,
To cover him with swift derision,
Deaf to the lunch bell, I obeyed
The bell that rang us to division.

III.

This my reward! To hear it said
That I, whene'er I got a chance,
On princely cates have freely fed,
And dallied with the wines of France:
Ingratitude! Thy name is Man,
So for the future pray be noting,
The abstinence I'll make my plan
Will be an abstinence—from voting.

F. J. C.

Photo by] Prompter's Box *[Boyce*

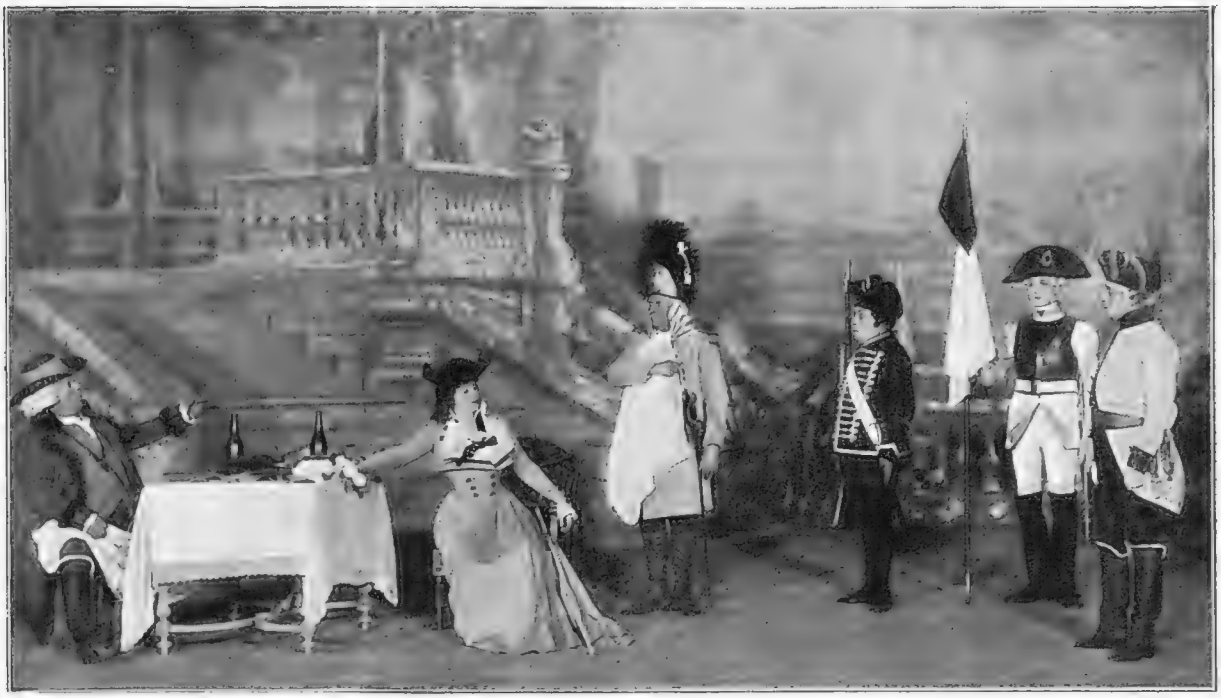
"La Montansier."—Act I.

Marguérite (Mme. Réjane Wearing the Hat with Feathers), at a Supper Party Given by her Aunt, Introduces Neuvil'e, the Comedian, as her Future Hu band and Co-Director of the Montansier Co.

La Montansier is the story of an extraordinary woman, who at the age of sixty, nearly became the wife of Napoleon, or, as he was at that time, General, Bonaparte. The authors, remembering the fact that, at the date of the battle of Jemappes, La Montansier was more than middle aged, have taken some liberties with the real dates of the story, but here the story of La Montansier is as set forth upon the stage. Act I.: La Montansier (whose real name is Marguérite Brunet) gives rendezvous at her aunt's house in Versailles to some eight or ten of her admirers, and tells them that she means to marry. At supper, which la tante Montansier has arranged at little tables, Marguerite, flitting from one admirer to the other, obtains the funds and necessary licence for the starting of a theatre with Neuville, her husband, an actor of some mark whom she has met at Rouen.

"LA MONTANSIER"

THIS PLAY, IN WHICH MADAME RÉJANE AND M. COQUELIN HAVE SCORED A JOINT SUCCESS WILL BE PRODUCED IN LONDON THIS SEASON BY MISS LENA ASHWELL



Marguérite Montansier Mme. Réjane — *Saint Phar* M. Coquelin

In Act II. the Revolution is three years old, and the Théâtre Montansier in the heyday of prosperity. But Robespierre, St. Just, and others of the Incorruptibles, make matters hard for Montansier because of her known sympathy for ci-devant aristocrats. She is hiding one Philippe, with whom she has fallen in love, under the disguise of a new member of her troupe, and St. Just, finding this out, offers to spare the young man if La Montansier will become his (St. Just's) mistress. She refuses with indignation and disgust, and when the search party are admitted by St. Just to hunt for aristocrats, La Montansier offers her whole troupe as a battalion to fight the Austrians, and thus saves Philippe, with whom she is in love

Photos by [Saint Phar — *La Montansier* — *Neuville* — *Boyer*]

La Montansier Pleads to Neuville for Forgiveness

Neuville, although he has discovered his wife's love for Philippe and the young man's escape from death, does not give him up, and in the last act, in which the Montansier troupe are preparing for a performance of a play, called *Mathurine Punie*, Neuville and his wife rehearse the play together, find similarities in their own lives, and Neuville agrees to forgive and forget. Coquelin plays a subsidiary part throughout as the old actor St. Phar, who has loved La Montansier for years and has concealed his love. It is he who, with the prompt book in one hand and a busy handkerchief in the other, smooths over matters between husband and wife during the *Mathurine Punie* rehearsal

L'enfant à l'écureuil

(By F. Reynaud)

TWO POPULAR PICTURES IN THE

La Crinoline

(By Miller)

PARIS SALON, WHICH HAS JUST OPENED

THE MORMONS AT HOME

The Latter Day Saints are so much in our midst at the present moment that these scenes from their native city are of special interest. The campaign of the Mormons in England has, so far, not been attended with any grave or startling results. Although one of their professors, at a conference held in Finsbury Town Hall, announced that Mormonism had already obtained a great hold on the English People, proselytes are few, or, if there be any, they do not openly confess their change of belief. Perhaps the uncertainty which prevails as to the real tenets of the Mormons on the subject of polygamy is responsible for the small headway made by the Latter Day Saints. The elders assert that polygamy was killed by the United States Law, passed in 1890, forbidding plural marriages. On the other hand, another expounder of the faith drew a touching domestic picture of his bringing up by one of his fathers' other wives. The Mormons complain bitterly of their persecution by the American Government. Our own Government has not, so far, taken any steps to check the outpourings of the campaigners. The chief opposition to the propaganda has come from the populace themselves, a section of whom, under the intoxicating influence of combined virtue and rowdyism, have done their best to break up the Mormon meetings.

From Stereograph, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood, London*

Bird's-eye View of Salt Lake City, Utah

Salt Lake City was founded in 1847, by Brigham Young. It has now a population of 50,000, which is increasing steadily. Salt Lake City is a large commercial and manufacturing centre, and the capital of the Mormon State of Utah

The Eagle Gate

Formerly the entrance to the private grounds of Brigham Young's house

Main Street

Showing the characteristics of a typical American city

From Stereographs, Copyright

Pioneer Monument

Erected in honour of Brigham Young and the Pioneers who, on July 24, 1847, took possession of Salt Lake City "for an everlasting abode"

Underwood and Underwood, London

Sinclair Beach, Salt Lake

The density of the water is well illustrated by these bathers, who are floating half out of the water. Mixed bathing is, of course, permitted

SCENES IN SALT LAKE CITY

The Great Temple and Tabernacle

The Temple, which is 210 feet high, was finished in 1893, after forty years' continuous labour. Its cost is stated to have been £1,000,000

The Interior of the Tabernacle

The low building, known as the Tabernacle, is just seen on the left of our photograph of the Temple. Its seating capacity is 8,000, and here the public religious ceremonies take place

From Stereographs, Copyright *Underwood and Underwood, London*

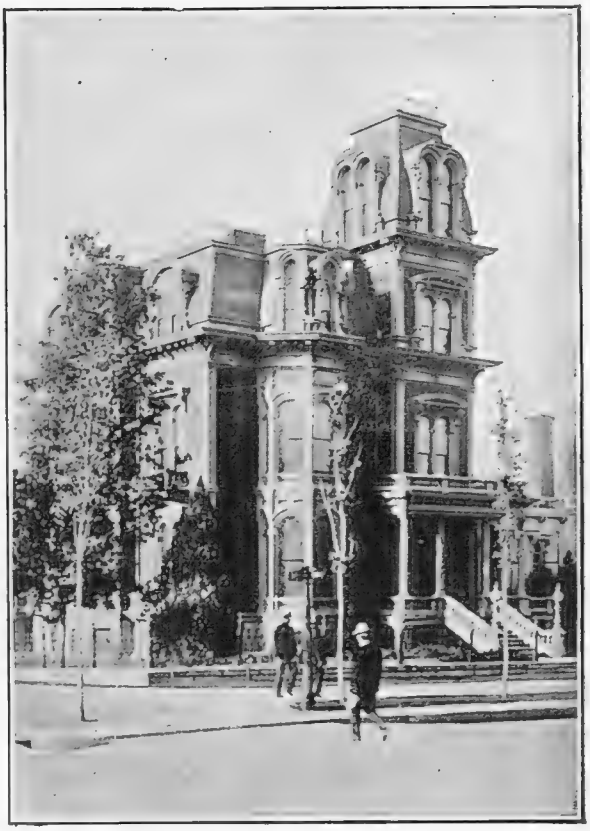
The Present Leaders of the Mormon Church

President Joseph F. Smith — Councillor Anthony H. Lund — Councillor John R. Winder

THE LATTER DAY SAINTS: THEIR

The Court House, Salt Lake City

The City and County Offices are in this magnificent building, which is 256 feet high and cost £160,000 to build



Amelia Palace

This was the last official residence of Brigham Young, the most famous of the Mormon "Apostles"

From Stereographs, Copyright

The Latter Day Saints' College, Salt Lake City

In the distance is seen the majestic shrine of the Mormon faith—the great Temple

Underwood and Underwood, London

The Bee Hive House

The official residence of President Joseph F. Smith, whose portrait is given on the previous page

RELIGIOUS AND MUNICIPAL LIFE

OUR SHORT STORY

THE LLANRHYLL MYSTERY

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

When the will of the ninth Earl of Cowes came to be read, it was found that he had left the bulk of a not very large fortune to his elder son, and to the younger the sum of five thousand pounds and his blessing. The Honourable Frederic Wrest, the younger son in question, was about twenty-eight years of age at the time, and, recognising quite clearly that the interest of this sum, the bulk of which, if everybody had their due, belonged already to sundry creditors, would not support him in the amiable but unproductive course of life which he had hitherto followed, set about to discover some means of adding to it. His great-aunt and godmother, Lady Albinia, put the matter quite clearly from her point of view when she interviewed him at her house in Queen's Gate Gardens. "You may come and live here, if you like, Freddy," she said, "and I will do all I can to help you in any career you may settle on, short of supplying money. You will have all I am possessed of when I am dead, but until that time it is none too much for myself, and I mean to live for a good many years yet."

Freddy Wrest declined the offer of a domicile. Queen's Gate Gardens were a considerable distance from his chosen haunts, and cab fares would be a heavy item. But he accepted Lady Albinia's proffered assistance in his career.

"I dare say you may be able to help me," he said. "You know a lot of people—mostly old—and it is the old people who have things to give away."

He did not, however, make any application to Lady Albinia's elderly friends, but, after due consideration, went to the editor of *The Skyscraper, Illustrated*, whom neither he nor she knew, and proposed himself for a post on the staff of that journal.

There was no vacancy on the staff, but it was a principle in *The Skyscraper* office never to turn away an applicant without examining him. The following colloquy took place in the editor's sanctum:

"What journalism have you done?"

"None, as yet."

"What do you want to do?"

"Anything."

"Anything's nothing. What would you do if I gave you a job, and your choice?"

"Anything. Political leaders."

"What do you know about politics?"

"Nothing. That's no disqualification, is it? Poetry."

"Have you got any poetry to show me?"

"I've never written any. Money Article."

"Do you know anything about money?"

"I know how to spend it."

"Would the post of editor suit you?"

"Yes, if it's vacant."

"Well, it isn't vacant yet. But I dare say the proprietors would sack me, if you asked them, and told them your qualifications. Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm the younger son of Lord Cowes, who died a month ago. I was at Eton and Cambridge. I don't know anything about the things I've mentioned, but I know all about sport, and what goes on in the world, and who's who, generally. Seems to me there's room for that sort of journalist, judging by the sort of stuff you read in the papers."

"You're right. There *is* room. And if you had told me all that before, you would have saved five minutes of my valuable time. If I gave you a job, should you have any objection to writing personalities about the people you know?"

"Not the least in the world."

"They might not like it, you know."

"They might pretend not to."

"Well, now, I'll give you a chance. The papers have been full of the Llanrhyll mystery lately—room that nobody is allowed to go into, and all that. You know."

"I know."

"Go and find out all about it, and write an article."

"How much?"

"What?"

"How much?"

"You mean what will we pay you? Well, our usual rate is a guinea a column. But you will have some trouble in preparing your stuff. Say five pounds."

"Good morning!"

"Here! Wait a minute. What do you mean? Aren't you satisfied? Don't go. I daresay I can make it a bit more if you really penetrate the mystery. Yes. I'll give you ten. Now, what's the good of behaving like that? I can't talk to you on the other side of the door. *Come back!* COME BACK!! How much do you want?"

"A hundred pounds."

"Oh, you'd better go. I've got no more time to waste."

(All rights reserved)

"Well, good morning. And thank you for the idea. I'll find all about the Llanrhyll Mystery, and it won't be difficult to sell my information at a fair price."

"I'll give you fifty. Now, that's my last word."

"I'm asking a hundred. That's mine."

"It's my idea, not yours."

"It will be my solution Are you a buyer?"

"Confound you, yes. You ought to get on; you've got the cheek of the devil."

"Thank you. Good morning, again. You shall have the copy in a week."

"Do you know Lord Llanrhyll?" asked Freddy Wrest of Lady Albinia that afternoon.

"Oh, yes; I know him very well," she replied. "His sister, Lady Rowena, married Colonel Mansergh, a cousin of poor——"

"Do you think you could ask him to lunch?"

"Yes, certainly. Why?"

"I think he might be a useful man to know."

"Well, of course, he's enormously rich. The Lllanrhylls have always married great heiresses. I don't know how they manage it, because there's the curse. You must be careful not to say anything about the curse, Freddy, if I bring you and Lord Llanrhyll together. I remember that Mrs. Arnold Bethune mentioned it at a dinner party when she first came over from America, not knowing that she was sitting next to Lord Llanrhyll. And he got up and walked straight out of the room."

"How rude of him! What *is* his old curse? Everybody seems to be talking about it."

"It is very much like that other mystery in Scotland. There is a room at Llanrhyll Castle which nobody ever goes into, except the heir when he comes of age, and the wife when she is married. And when they come out they never smile again. It is rather dreadful. Certainly, Lord Llanrhyll is the gravest of men. There must be something in it."

"In the room?"

"Of course there is something in the room. But nobody knows what."

"Where does the curse come in?"

"I don't quite know. It can't be that no first-born son ever succeeds, because there is always a Lord Mold, and he always does succeed. One can't keep all the stories one hears in one's head. But, depend upon it, there is something. I will ask Lord Llanrhyll to luncheon on Thursday, Freddy, and you must be very nice to him.

Lord Llanrhyll, when he joined Lady Albinia's luncheon party on the following Thursday, did not present any salient characteristics to the observant eyes of Freddy Wrest. He was much like other middle-aged noblemen who are undistinguished in politics or in any other walk of life, except by their rank and wealth. He was a trifle more pompous than most of them, and undoubtedly dull in conversation. Report, which spoke of him as never smiling, would have seemed justified on this occasion, for not even the sallies of Mr. Tweedie, the society humorist, who was of the party, moved him to mirth. Our budding journalist made no attempt to get on terms of intimacy with him during the progress of the meal, or in the short interval which followed before Lord Llanrhyll left the house. He took his departure, however, at the same time, and, when Lord Llanrhyll refused the butler's offer of a cab, announcing his intention of walking, said, "I'll walk with you. Good thing to take exercise. You live in Berkeley Square, don't you? I'm going to White's."

Lord Llanrhyll did not look overjoyed at this offer of companionship from a young man to whom he had not spoken half-a-dozen consecutive words, but he did not refuse it, and the two walked away together.

"About this Llanrhyll Mystery," said Freddy; "What is it?"

Lord Lllanrhyll stopped dead, and stared at him with amazed displeasure. Freddy walked on, without appearing to notice the halt, and Lord Llanrhyll rather weakly followed.

"I think I am the last man in the world of whom such a question ought to be asked," he said.

"I should have thought you were the first. You're the only man who knows anything about it. You and Moldy. I was at Eton with Moldy."

"Then, if you are desirous of gaining any information about my private family affairs, I will refer you to my son, Mold."

"I'd rather have it from you, if you don't mind. There's a room, isn't there? And you go into it when you're twenty-one, and after you come out you never smile again. Now, what's in the room? That's the question. I'm not asking out of curiosity."

"This is really intolerable. I will not submit——"

"No, but don't get angry. The thing interests me. And about that never smiling again! That seems curious. Do you mean to say that you have actually never smiled since you were twenty-one—fifty years ago, say?"

"It is not fifty years ago since I was twenty-one? But——"

"Well, forty, then. You'll acknowledge to forty, I suppose?"

"But I certainly do not feel much like smiling now. I have never in my life been subjected to——"

"And Moldy—isn't he ever going to smile again? He was always a dull dog. I should think he finds it rather a relief not to have to. But you! I'm surprised at it with you. Didn't you laugh at *Charley's Aunt?*"

Lord Llanrhyll looked round helplessly for a cab.

"There aren't any cabs. There's a strike. And a man in your position can't ride in a bus. Dan Leno, now! Do you mean to say you can sit through a pantomime at Drury Lane without laughing at Dan Leno?"

"I am not in the habit ot going to pantomimes at Drury Lane."

"Well, you couldn't help laughing if you were. Have you ever read Barry Pain's 'Eliza'?"

"Mr. Frederic Wrest. I did not solicit the honour of——"

"No, but let us follow the subject out. Have you ever read Barry Pain's 'Eliza'?"

"Mr. Wrest. If you will kindly walk on, I will remain here. Or, if you will remain here, I will——"

"Duke of Wellington. That's a very old wheeze. But do just tell me about that room. What is in it?"

"There is a room in my house that is shut up, sir. It concerns nobody but myself and my family. Hi! *Cab!* CAB!! Mr. Frederic Wrest, if you had a spark of your good father's gentlemanly——"

"All right cabman; half a moment! Do just tell me before you go, what all the mystery is about. What is there in that room, really?"

"Ninety, Berkeley Square, cabman. There is nothing in the room, sir; nothing at all."

"May I take that as an authoritative statement?"

"You may do what you please, Mr. Wrest. I hope never to undergo the annoyance of meeting you again."

"Well, good-bye for the present. Sorry we didn't finish our walk together."

But Lord Llanrhyll's hansom was already in full flight down Knightsbridge.

It was curious that the first person Freddy Wrest knocked up against in White's Club should have been Lord Mold, a heavy-featured young man, whose face wore an unwonted look of animation.

"Hulloa, Wrest," he said; "congratulate me. I'm going to get married."

"I congratulate you heartily, Moldy. Who is the lady?"

"Miss Van Senden. She is a friend of yours, I think."

"What Honoria Van Senden! I should think she was. I was the first person to meet her when she came over. Jove, Moldy! You're a lucky fellow. She's one of the most charming girls they've sent us yet. And the dollars, too! Excuse my mentioning the dollars. Everybody is talking about them. And she don't need them to add to *her* charms."

Lord Mold looked gratified at this warm praise.

"Yes. I am a lucky chap," he said modestly. "We only fixed it up this morning. "Don't mention it yet. I tell you because I know you're a pal of Honoria's."

"I won't tell a soul. Look here, Moldy, I want to talk to you. Come in here. I wish you would tell me about the Llanrhyll Mystery. I don't ask out of curiosity."

Lord Mold's face took on an expression which was a creditable imitation of that lately worn by his father.

"We don't talk about that, Wrest," he said stiffly.

"I know you don't. So damsilly! because everybody else does, and you know more about it than other people. I have just been having a little chat with your father about it."

"What! You mentioned the subject to my father!"

"Yes. He was very interesting. He told me about the room."

"He ——!!"

"Of course, I exercised tact. Yes, he told me what was in the room. It doesn't seem so very dreadful."

"I don't believe a word of it, Wrest. My father has never mentioned the matter to a soul. None of us do. And nobody has ever had the impertinence to mention it to us."

"Oh, don't talk like that, Moldy. You make me tired. I tell you Lord Llanrhyll did mention it to me. I've just been for a walk with him. If it is an ordinary ghost, other houses have got them besides yours. What's the good of making such a fuss about it? And you're surely not going to spoil that girl's life by mixing her up with all that mystery, are you?"

"When I am married, my wife will know every hing I now choose to keep to myself. If I didn't know that you were always playing the fool, and trying to take rises out of people, I should knock you down for mentioning that subject in my presence."

"No you wouldn't, Moldy. If I saw you getting angry, I should knock you down first. Well, I see there's nothing to be got out of you. I'm going up to play bridge."

. . . . . .

Fortune seemed to smile on Freddy Wrest that day, for when he arrived at the house where he was to dine, he discovered that he was to have the honour of taking in Miss Honoria Van Senden. She was a charming girl, beautiful and vivacious, and she looked radiantly happy that evening.

"All for Mold—those smiles?" murmured Freddy in her ear. "He's not worth it."

"What! has he told you? He wasn't to tell anybody till to-morrow."

"He knew I should find it out. I find out most things. And I won't breathe a word until I'm told to. Are you really very pleased with Moldy?"

"I adore him. But I'm ashamed of it."

"Why?"

"Because everything will be in the papers in America. I don't mind what they say about me, as long as they don't give it out that I am making a love match."

"That's curious. Why?"

"Because they will slop over about it so. I want them to think I am marrying a lord for his title—or for anything but love."

"Well, I'll arrange that for you, if you like. I write for the papers."

"Do you, Freddy? Oh, I wish you would. Put them off the love match, and I'll be your friend for life."

"I say—about that Mystery, you know. Do you think you will be comfortable at Llanrhyll?"

"I'm simply dying to know what it is all about. Make a lot of the Mystery, Freddy. It sounds so feudal, and the papers will love it. I don't mind being advertised. I'm frankly American. Dwell on the Mystery for all you're worth."

"I will. Has Mold told you anything about it?"

"Not he! He hasn't mentioned it. But I shall know everything in a month or two, and I'm simply dying of curiosity. What fun! Make the American papers sit up about me and the Mystery, Freddy."

"I will. You don't mind what I say? I shouldn't like to offend you, you know."

"Well, I'll arrange that for you if you like, I write for the papers"

"You may say anything, if you will keep them off the love story business."

The article which Freddy Wrest wrote for *The Skyscraper, Illustrated*, was well advertised beforehand by placards, bearing the following egend:

THE LLANRHYLL MYSTERY

THE SECRET OF THE LOCKED ROOM OUT AT LAST

STATEMENT BY THE EARL OF LLANRYLL

Another Bride soon to be Initiated into the Mystery.
What will she find in the Secret Room?
Statements by Viscount Mold, Heir to the Earldom, and by
Miss HONORIA VAN SENDEN,
The American Heiress.

The article itself, when it came to be published, attracted considerable attention. It was illustrated by various photographs, including several of Llanrhyll Castle, with a cross over the window of the supposed secret chamber, which happened to be that of a newly fitted-up bathroom, and those of Lord and Lady Llanrhyll, Lord Mold, and Miss Honoria Van Senden.

It began with a vivid description of the old castle of Llanrhyll and its surroundings, and worked up gradually to a discussion of the famous mys ery of the secret room. It traced the growth of the various legends that had gathered around it, and recounted the attempts made to solve it. It then went on to an exhaustive history of the house of Llanrhyll, stating with emphasis the fact that the heads of that house had married heiresses for several generations, and giving the exact amount of money that each marriage had brought into the family. After this came a not over complimentary description of the characteristics of the successive Earls of Llanrhyll, from which it appeared that this matter of fortunate marriages constituted their sole claim to distinction. And it was intimated, with no lack of plainness, that their success in the field of matrimony was little short of a miracle, considering the meagre personal attractions possessed by them.

"And now," proceeded the article, "that another great heiress has consented to replenish the already overflowing coffers of the Llanrhyll family, and to share the weight of a secret that has set thousands racking their brains to find a solution of, the world will be asking what she will see when the ominous door is opened wide and she stands on the threshold of the dark little turret-room in that o'd castle. What sight of horror will meet her eyes, so that she will fall back into the arms of her dull-witted but well-meaning young husband, as he looks again upon the scene which first met his gaze on that day, ten years ago, when he himself was first initiated into the dread mystery? What nameless crime of old will be revealed, etc. etc.

"We are in a position to answer the question. The owner of the castle, the Earl of Llanrhyll himself, has, at our express request, lifted the veil which his ancestors have drawn so closely round that little old fourteenth century apartment. No more will, etc., etc.

"We will tell our readers, then, without any further beating about the bush, what will be revealed to the expectant eyes of the Viscountess Mold when the nail-studded door at the head of the turret stair is thrown open, and she is permitted at last to gaze, etc., etc.

"She will see a little room eight feet by twelve, with stone-flagged floor and vaulted ceiling. She will see the beams of the August sunlight filtering through a narrow casement deep in the embrasured wall, and lighting on the dust of ages in crevice and cranny.

"That, for the setting of the horror.

"And what else will she see? Will she see—— (And here followed a list of things which it was perfectly obvious she would not see.) We will tell our readers. She will see—— (Here the reader turned a page, came upon two large portraits of ladies ornamenting the variety stage, and turned another)—nothing!"

After stating again emphatically that this valuable information was given to the writer of the article by no less an authority than Lord Llanrhyll, and asking a variety of questions, which amounted to no m re than an expression of astonishment as to what all the fuss was about, then, it finished thus:

"The explanation is to be found in the naïve exclamation of the future Viscountess Mold to our representative: '*I am dying of curiosity.*'

"And so have all the brides who have married into the family of Llanrhyll been dying of curiosity to penetrate the mystery. Why should one wealthy heiress after another have thrown herself into the arms of consecutive members of this respectable, b.t eminently dull and unattractive family?

"Because they were *dying of curiosity*.

"Why has the legend got about that, after the disclosure of the secret, they never smile again?

"Because their curiosity, once satisfied, or rather frustrated, they have awoke to the fact that there is nothing to make life attractive in the companionship of the lords of Llanrhyll.

"Why, if there is nothing in the secret room, as Lord Llanrhyll has told us himself, has this parade of secrecy and mystery been kept up?

"Because heiresses *dying of curiosity* are to be found to-day, as they were to be found when it first occurred to an Earl of Llanrhyll to put a padlock on the door of the turret room and spread the story of a mystery, which he had not even the wit to make original.

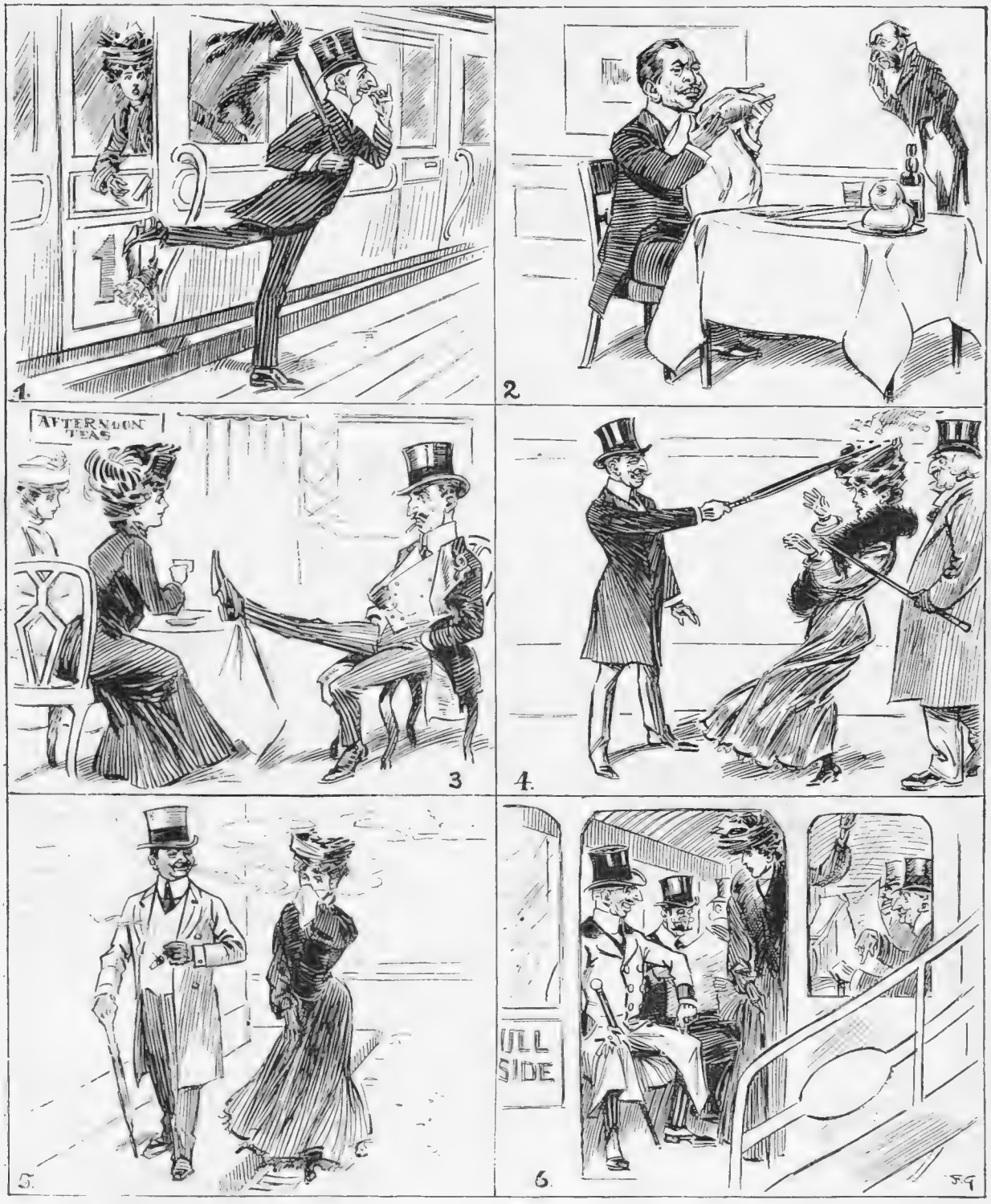
"We have answered our own questions, and will dilate no further upon our disclosures, but will leave our readers to digest this extraordinary, but entirely reliable, story for themselves."

The article did dilate a little further upon its own ingenuity and the enterprise of *The Skyscraper, Illustrated*, generally, but its ultimate conclusion need not be quoted here. It was chiefly the work of the editor, although Freddy Wrest supplied the theory and the illustrative facts.

It remains to be said that he received the sum of ten pounds for his trouble, which did not compensate him for being obtrusively cut by Miss Honoria Van Senden from thenceforward

HOW IS THE CODE OF GOOD MANNERS VIOLATED IN THESE PICTURES?

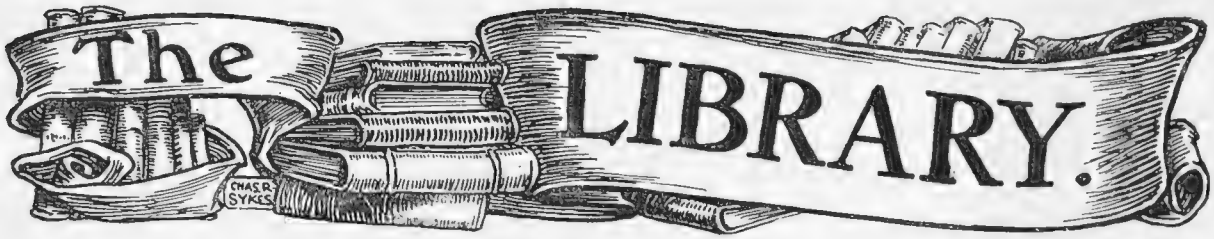
(With apologies to our friend and contemporary, "The Tatler," which recently held a competition on these lines, no doubt for the purpose of instructing its readers)



Each of these Pictures represents, though one would never imagine it for a moment, a breach of good manners. Write on a sheet of paper, with your name and address, what you consider to be the particular act of bad manners shown in each picture. This is the only set of pictures which has appeared, but the test embodied in this series is sufficient. Correct answers to all the pictures will prove the competitor to be a perfect gentleman, or lady, as the case may be, and should entitle him, or her, to move in the best circles. Solutions, in an envelope marked "Higlif" in the left-hand corner, may be addressed (we do not insist on this point) to "The 'Good Form' Editor, 'The Bystander.'" Three Prizes are offered:

(1) A beautiful framed Oleograph (by the 14-colour process) of Beau Brummel
(2) A Treatise on "Manners Maketh Man," bound in green velvet, with gilt clasps
(3) "The Bystander" Diploma for Good Manners, framed suitably for hanging in the kitchen of the lowly or the mansion of the great

N.B. This Competition closes on the Kalends of April, 19—



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Whistler as I Knew Him." By Mortimer Menpes. Illustrated. (Black: 40*s.*)

"Things Seen in Morocco." By A. J. Dawson. Illustrated. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Greater America." By Archibald Colquhoun. With Maps. (Harper: 16*s.*)

"My Memories." By the Countess of Munster. (Nash: 12*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FICTION

"The Sea Could Tell." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Nyria." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"A Race with Ruin." By Headon Hill. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Miss Arnott's Marriage." By Richard Marsh. (Long: 6*s.*)

A Novel of the Moment

"The Napoleon of Notting Hill." By G. K. Chesterton. (John Lane.) 6*s.*

"When I got to the part about turning City men out on all fours in a field covered with veal cutlets," said one who had attempted Mr. Chesterton's latest literary harlequinade, "I had to leave off. Such nonsense!" Another gentleman, who wears his hair rather longer than is altogether right, and whose neck-ties achieve the result—by no means easy for a neck-tie—of reminding one somehow of the Italian Renaissance, solemnly assured me that on reaching the end of what he called "Chesterton's noblest work," he had incontinently turned to the beginning and read it through all over again. He added that "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" should be the first work of fiction to be placed in the hands of his little son, aged ten months.

The two ways of looking at Mr. Chesterton's work here noted are representative. Nearly everyone adopts one or the other. The peculiar thing about them is this. The people who cannot and will not stand Mr. Chesterton—many of whom take up toward him an attitude much like that which the old Conservative gentlemen, who are gradually disappearing, used to take up toward Mr. Gladstone—are just the very people whom Mr. Chesterton reveres and loves, and constantly attempts to persuade of their own magnificence. The detection of divine qualities in the ordinary citizen with a bag and an umbrella is one aspect of Mr. Chesterton's mission.

On the other hand, the people who are loudest and longest in the singing of Mr. Chesterton's praises, the people who pounce upon his work like tigers and retire with it to a corner purring with the joy of anticipation, the people who will go, and even pay, to see and hear him on a lecturing platform, are just the very people whom Mr. Chesterton will not have at any price—the gentlemen with the long hair and glasses, the ladies with glasses and a look of yearning, the decorative people, the hyper-æsthetic, ultra-literary people, the intellectually vain people. Mr. Chesterton hurls himself upon these people, fells them and grinds them to powder; and they clamour for a repetition of the treatment. He exalts the ordinary man, his tastes and modes of life, his hat, his house, his hates and his loves. And the ordinary man turns impatiently from him to the money page, or to Lord's cricket ground, or to Mrs. L. T. Meade, highly indignant with Mr. Chesterton for pointing out something high and holy in those interests and amusements.

Consider, in the light of these observations, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." That remarkable and delightful work has been called many things: it has been hailed as a satire, as an epic, as a sermon, as a farce; it has been said to have its central idea in things so various as the decay of the British Constitution, the dual character of human nature, Mr. Max Beerbohm, the materialism of the present day, and the Metropolitan Borough Councils Act. My own particular verdict upon it is, that it is—like everything else of the author's—a protest against modern intellectualism and an exaltation of the primitive sentiments of the ordinary man. (I will not use the phrase "average man," because Mr. Chesterton has taken it into his head to ban and utterly to cast out that inoffensive person, vehemently denying, indeed, that such a person exists.)

For what is the story? The story, stripped of its accidental features, is the story of a splendid attempt to make men realise the fulness and power of one of their most deeply-rooted sentiments: the sentiment of local patriotism—the sentiment that makes Yorkshiremen intolerable to the rest of the human race, the sentiment that induces retired business men to run for their Urban District Councils, the sentiment that makes Mr. John Burns, M.P., tremendously excited when a Battersea man (which, by the way, Mr. Chesterton is entitled to call himself) does anything commendable. It is the story of a cynically humorous Autocrat of England who, a century hence, has the idea of reviving in

the swarming parochial divisions of London the old mediæval pomps and prides of municipal patriotism. Thus, King Auberon endows Notting Hill, West Kensington, Hammersmith, Bayswater, and all the other recognised "neighbourhoods" (including Battersea) with town charters, coats of arms, and mottoes, together with funny privileges and immemorial rights, invented on the spur of the moment. Also, it is the story of a splendid visionary, Adam Wayne, who alone of all men takes the King's freak quite seriously, and, as Provost of Notting Hill, infects all his fellow-Notting-Hillsmen with his own ardour—the story, in fact, o' the triumph of a spiritual idea over the multitude of common-minded men, a possibility of which Mr. Chesterton is, to his great honour, one of the resolute maintainers.

How this ends; how Notting Hill, roused by its Provost to a passion of resentment at the proposal to pull down Pump Street and run a new road thereby; how Notting Hill resists with arms, and with infinitely delightful strategy, the attempts of the rest of West London to enforce the scheme; how Notting Hill becomes supreme in London, feeds all London with her own ideals of local patriotism, and regenerates the city; and how Notting Hill at length finds that those who take the sword perish by it—all this may be read, with much more that is high and glorious, much more that is breathlessly exciting, and much more that is excruciatingly funny, in Mr. Chesterton's pages.

Briefly, the personal problem for each reader is two-fold, and it is this: Can he relish a story which deals with very deep things and very sincere convictions? And can he, further, appreciate such a story when it has been the writer's characteristic whim to clothe his lesson in a vestment of the maddest and most exuberant farce?

For the fact is that Mr. Chesterton's great claim to originality as a teacher is this: that while others have sought to save mankind by miracles, by the sword, by prayers, or by preaching, he seeks to save them by jokes. This attitude is new. It is misunderstood. It is denounced. But if the great and growing esteem in which Mr. Chesterton is held means anything at all, it means that this attitude is making headway.

E. Clerihew

Books to Appear Shortly

A new novel by Mr. Winston Churchill—the American Winston Churchill—will be published by Messrs. Macmillan next month. "The Crossing," as the new book is called, is the second novel, in point of time, in the series of romances dealing with American life which Mr. Churchill is writing. The first was "Richard Carvel," which dealt with the Revolutionary War. "The Crisis" came next, though really fourth in historical order, dealing with the Civil War. In "The Crossing" the theme is mainly the peaceful conquest of the great Louisiana territory by the American settlers after its sale by France, showing the way in which, gradually but surely, it came under the influence of American social and political ideas. The remaining novel mapped out for this series will fill in the gap between the Louisiana purchase and settlement, and the Civil War.

Another notable novel to appear next month from Messrs. Macmillan is "The Queen's Quair; or, the Six Years' Tragedy," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett—"the darling hope of romantic fiction," as somebody has called the author of "The Forest Lovers." "The Queen's Quair" has been appearing serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, but we understand that Mr. Hewlett has revised it considerably for book form.

"The Land of the Horn" is the title of a volume of travel by Mr. W. S. Barclay, which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation. The book treats of a part of the world which, though it has been discovered for more than four centuries, has, until recent years, been hidden under mists of misconception and ignorance almost as dark as those which veil its rugged shores. The author combines his own experiences with the latest geographical knowledge concerning the little-known interior of the great islands lying between the Straits of Magellan and Cape Horn. In his historical sketch we are taken back to the day when the Straits were held to be the Western key to the sea-empire of the Pacific, the only water-gate by which the Spice Islands could be reached across the Americas—days when, at their entrance, the fleet of Portugal lay in wait for Spain, till England, under Drake, swept both away.

Among the forthcoming reprints associated with the Russo-Japanese war is a new edition of George Kennan's "Tent Life in Siberia," which Messrs. Putnam will shortly publish. Kennan's book, which has had an immense circulation since its first appearance in 1870, also recalls one of the most remarkable undertakings of the past century—the attempt made by the Russo-American Telegraph Company to build an overland line to Europe *viâ* Alaska, Behring's Straits, and Siberia, eventually forming one continuous girdle of wire almost round the globe. It was a colossal task, but the first Atlantic cable had been a failure, and the promoters of the overland scheme were so sanguine of success that they had little difficulty in floating this company with a nominal capital of ten million dollars. Mr. Kennan was one of the men sent out to explore the unknown regions of Siberia with a view of making the preliminary arrangements for the work. He spent between two and three years in that inhospitable land, preparing telegraph poles, building station houses and magazines, and suffering untold hardships, only to find that the whole of the work had been done in vain. The new Atlantic cable had proved an entire success, and it would have been sheer madness to continue the work on the overland line. Mr. Kennan's labours were not all wasted, however, for the book which is about to be reprinted gives one of the best accounts we have of the general features and wandering tribes of Siberia and Kamtchatka.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

"American Invaders"

The annual incursion of American visitors has already begun, and among those now in London are quite a number of distinguished literary men. Mr. W. D. Howells, who is the *doyen* of American letters, was promptly interviewed by the *Daily Chronicle* on his arrival, and delivered himself of some hopeful views as to the literary outlook across the Atlantic. He was, it need scarcely be said, justly severe on the present vogue of the trashy American novel, to which I have had occasion to allude in these pages. Mr. Howells is now in his sixth-eighth year, and was trained in every branch of journalism, from type-setting to editing, on his father's newspaper and other Ohio journals before he went to Venice as U.S. consul at the early age of twenty-four. Mr. Howells is likely to remain in England for some months, but Colonel Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, Mr. David A. Munro, his assistant, who has been connected with the *Review* since 1889, Professor F. M. Colby, editor of the great American Cyclopædia, Mr. F. M. Dodd, chief of the well-known firm of New York publishers, and several literary visitors from the West are making shorter stays in London.

Mr. Warwick Deeping
Author of "Uther and Igraine" and "Love Among the Ruins"

Why do People Write?

This was the subject of discussion at a gathering of literary workers recently, and although the chief opinion seemed to be that money and fame were two great incentives, advocates of the hoary fiction that people write for the purpose of conveying "a message" to mankind were not wanting. Mr. Frankfort Moore pointed out that hunger had a potent influence on literary production, reminding us that for eighteen years after 1762, when he received his annual pension of £300, Dr. Johnson wrote practically nothing. Mr. Moore might also have recalled the fact that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. When this subject is on the *tapis* I am always tempted to quote the case of Raphael, who painted one of his finest pictures in order to redeem a debt owing to an inn-keeper. I believe that many first books of famous authors have been inspired by the highest ideals of public service; but I refuse to acknowledge that in these days, when the literary agent trafficks the production of our favourite writers with the highest bidder and "books" all his clients' work for years in advance, there are many of our literary men "putting their soul into writing." In this connection Mr. David Munro, of the *North American Review*, who is a Scotsman and a graduate of Edinburgh University, and a Presbyterian with a profound knowledge of the Shorter Catechism, spoke of the "call" and the "election." Of the former there could be no doubt, "for," quoth he, "God knows that we cannot number on the fingers of ten million hands the people who are called to authorship." But the election was another matter. "Many are called, but few are chosen," is as true of the kingdom of literature as of heaven.

An Anecdote of "Q"

Mr. Quiller-Couch, one of our novelists to whom the life of London does not appeal, and who comes but rarely from his Cornish retreat to mingle with his friends of Fleet Street, told an amusing story against himself the other night. In a litttle shop at Fowey, where the products of the press are mingled with pipes and tobacco, he was buying some of the latter commodity one day, when the good lady who kept the shop said to him: "You'd be surprised, Mr. Couch, to know how many people ask for your books." The novelist admitted

that he was at once surprised and gratified, and wondered why his works could be in demand. "Well, I suppose," said the old lady, "when folks is staying down here they wants to read something *local*"

A Young Romancist

The week before last I touched upon Mr. Hewlett's somewhat startling pronouncement as to the absolute disappearance of romance from our literature. I made no reference then to the work of one of our youngest writers who has achieved a remarkable success in the field where Mr. Hewlett is so distinguished a worker. Mr. Warwick Deeping is obviously a disciple of Mr. Hewlett's, and his two books "Uther and Igraine," which appeared last year, and "Love Among the Ruins," issued this spring, contain much of the real stuff of romance, disfigured, however, by a too palpable straining after "style." In a young man this is no very serious fault, and we may be assured that Mr. Deeping will yet rise above this weakness of youth, and, writing with greater restraint, will yet give us something very like romance, set, as all romance should be, in clear and unaffected English, such as we find in the magnificently virile stories of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The temptation to the young writer to be "devilishly clever" is one of the hardest to fight, but as Mr. Warwick Deeping is only in his early twenties there is good hope that he may deliver himself from it.

Photo by *Barnett*

Mr. Dudley Hardy, R.I.

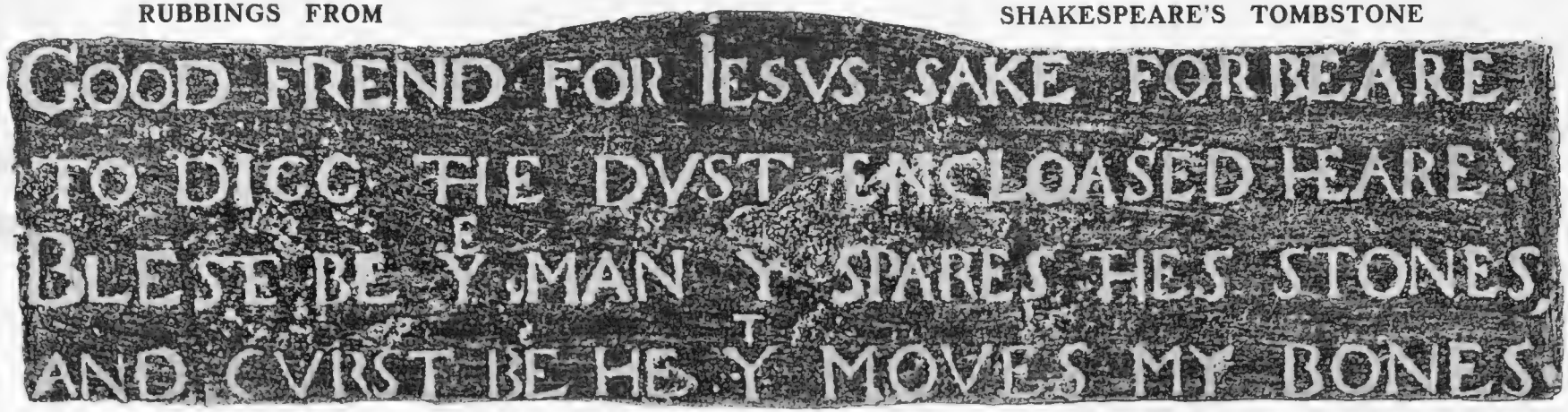
Tauchnitz and Galignani

The new series of copyright novels issued by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, which resemble closely in *format* the well-known Tauchnitz editions of British authors, begun sixty-three years ago by that eminent Leipzig publisher, has been very promptly christened "The English Tauchnitz," although the only reason for this description is the get-up of Mr. Nash's books. Properly speaking, an English Tauchnitz would be a library of foreign authors published by an English house in their native languages. One might suppose that there is a sufficient number of foreigners in Great Britain to warrant such a venture, but attempts in that direction have never been encouraged by success. In the bad old days, before international copyright was established, old Galignani, that astute Italian who founded the *Messenger* in Paris the year before Waterloo, piled up an enormous fortune by the pirating of English books. In an excellent work on "Modern France," written by the late A. V. Kirwan in 1863, there is a most interesting account of Galignani and his methods. "The works of Byron, Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Southey, and others were then in great vogue," says Mr. Kirwan. "Galignani, without paying these celebrated authors a farthing, commenced issuing pirated editions of their works, and by this process, which extended over a period of more than forty years, made a very large fortune. A month after any new work appeared in London, it was re-issued in a complete form by this Italian in Paris, and sold at half and sometimes a third of the original price." Forty years ago the two sons of this old pirate were each reputed to be worth £12,000 a year, and one of them lived in princely state at a *château* near Paris. Alas, the Berne Convention has destroyed this romantic old business. Baron Tauchnitz, however, proved that it was possible to recognise the rights of English authors and yet make a handsome profit by publishing their books for circulation on the Continent.

Mr. Dudley Hardy

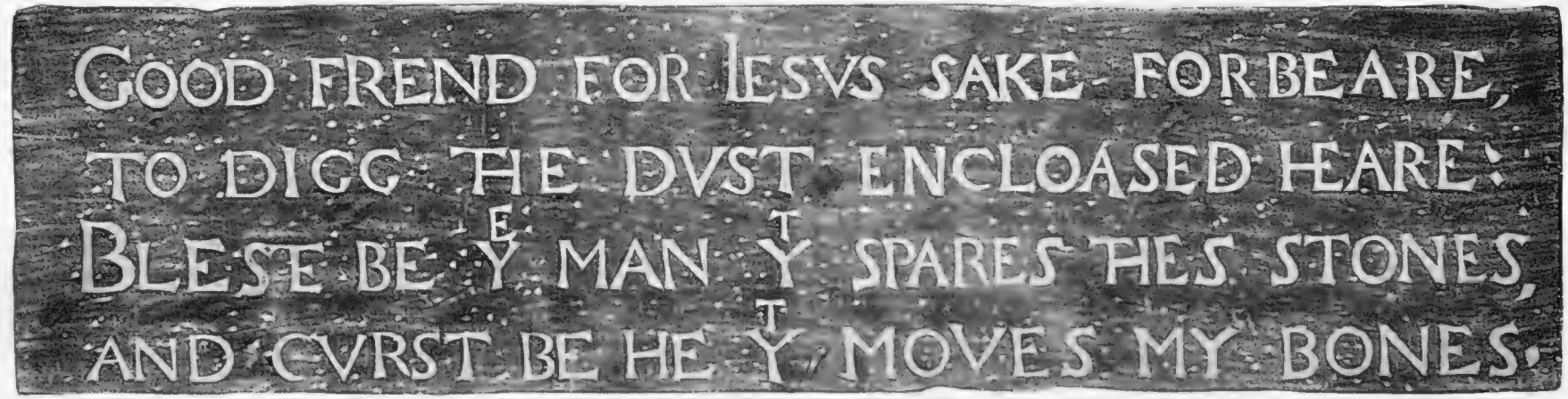
Mr. Max Beerbohm was delivering, the other day, some opinions on the lack of the sense of caricature in the British public. We had to go to the Latin races for that spirit of gaiety which inspires the true caricaturist. This is no doubt quite true, but even the British Philistine seems to be capable of appreciating the Latin light-heartedness which Mr. Dudley Hardy, more than any of our newspaper artists, has expressed so admirably in his sketches. It is in no sense to be confused with caricature, but it springs from the same gay outlook on life. Although Mr. Hardy comes of good English stock and was born in the very British town of Sheffield, his sympathies are essentially French. He is one of the most popular men in our artistic Bohemia, and his friend, Mr. Tom Browne, recently told a characteristic story of him. They had been having high jinks at the London Sketch Club, where Mr. Hardy appeared in a sort of regal get-up, wearing flowing robes, and carrying a sceptre. On leaving the hall to enter his cab, still arrayed in his fancy dress, two policemen standing by mistook him for some city dignitary and began to hustle the people with: "Stand back, there! Stand back!" But the artist threw his sceptre to the driver saying, "Hold my blooming wand!" Whereupon the two policemen slunk away.

RUBBINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S TOMBSTONE



Genuine

It is a melancholy fact that hosts of visitors to Stratford-on-Avon bear away with them, with the reverence which filled Mr. Pickwick's bosom after his famous discovery of the tombstone, rubbings from Shakespeare's tomb which they fondly imagine to be genuine. These rubbings are sold in various establishments in the town for the modest sum of one shilling. In the effort to impart an appearance of genuineness, the chisel has been used too freely upon the block, with the result that the rubbings made from it appear to be a combination of a rubbing and a picture of a snowstorm. A somewhat similar effect might have been obtained had the inscription been cut on a slab of "granolithic." For the benefit of those who desire the genuine article, it may be stated that actual rubbings, made direct from the tombstone, can be obtained from the Parish Clerk for two shillings, half of the money being devoted to the Church Restoration Fund. It may be noted that the counterfeit rubbing shows a letter T in the third line of the inscription which does not appear in the genuine copy, as time has effaced it from the stone.



Spurious

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

SCENES FROM PERFORMANCES BY THE BENSON COMPANY

Cæsar — Mr. Walter Hampden
Brutus — Mr. Arthur Whitby

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Scene 3

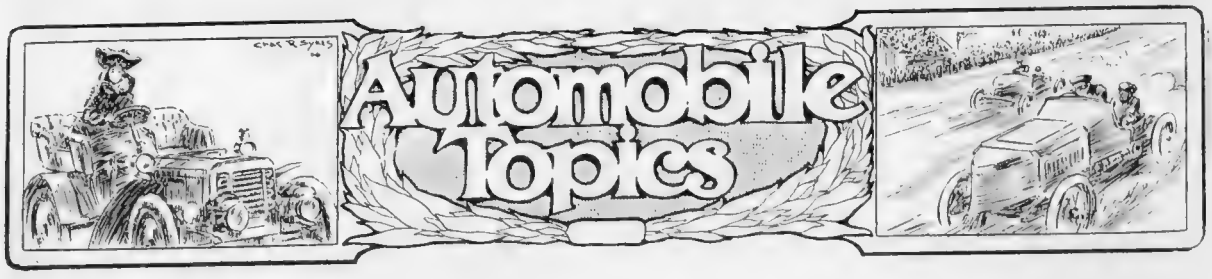
BRUTUS: —Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition

Photos by A. Ellis and Walery

Banquo — Mr. Arthur Whitby
Lady Macbeth — Mrs. Benson
Macbeth — Mr. F. R. Benson

Macbeth, Act III, Scene 4

MACBETH: Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with



Feminism

He would be a sorry journalist indeed who attempted to fill his columns nowadays with matter only intended to interest the sterner sex. The real patrons of the Press are its patronesses, as they are of the drama, of the racecourse, and of the hunting field, and so, in discussing Automobile Topics, one must of necessity strive to find out what the fairer, as also the better, half of the body politic hold, in the way of opinions, from a standpoint which is of necessity on an infinitely higher plane than that of the mere *banal* and sordid masculine individual. To these ends it is instructive to peruse what the lady writer has to say about motor-cars, and in culling a few excerpts from a magazine written "by women for women," one finds considerable food for reflection. As a commencement, we are informed that "Most women cling to the state of having their men draped in orthodox liveries." Now, it would never occur to any brute of a man to care if his *chauffeur* was properly "draped" or not. He would just buy him leather clothing, to wit, cap, coat, leggings, and—ahem! —continuations, and that would be all—no drapery whatever. But, to continue, "No advancement has been made in the electric motor itself owing to the difficulty of modifying the dynamo." *There* now—there you *are*! Edison has been simply groping in the dark after the new cell; why cannot he go to the root of the matter at once and "modify the dynamo"? I pause, as they say in the penny novelettes, for a reply.

Some Weightier Matters

But there are other and far weightier matters. "The solid axles of the past give place to those lighter, constructed in steel, and it is interesting to note that "it would take pages to tell of the accessories, the tyres, and the

Photo by *D'Arcy*

"La Floralie" Fete at Dublin in Aid of the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland. Mrs. Westby's Car, which Gained the First Prize (a Silver Cup) for the best Decorated Motor-car

Team of Napier Cars for Gordon-Bennett Eliminating Trials

Reading from left to right the drivers are: (1) Mr. W. Clifford-Earp, (2) Mr. S. F. Edge, (3) Mr. Mark Mayhew, (4) Mr. John Hargreaves, (5) Mr. J. W. Stocks

pneumatics, generally speaking," also, if ladies do not care for the expense of engaging a *chauffeur*, all they have to do is to purchase a "basket motor, easily to be driven by the owner herself." Shape is duly considered, and the choice falls on "something on the lines of the ships of the old Vikings with the steersman high up on the poop." A practical suggestion is that "when calling," the fair but frugal one "should wear two skirts, the top one kilted Highland fashion to slip off easily" and this apparently is lightly discarded, and doubtless discreetly kicked under one of the Tonneau seats ere descending from the vehicle; Dear, *dear* me! Finally —"The motor is on the side of the angels," and it is a comfortable enough assurance to receive, goodness knows, but I have known for a long while that the angels were on the side of the motor, and my own car, as a simple matter of fact, is often full of them.

Springs

In the long-expected practical cheap car, which, unfortunately, has not yet materialised as a standard type, it is clear that some very great improvements will have to be developed in the matter of springs for absorbing vibration. That it will have to be exceptionally well-sprung is very evident, because as it is going to be cheap both to buy and to use, pneumatic tyres will find no place in its anatomy. So far, nothing has been adopted in the way of the utilisation of indiarubber buffers to minimise the jolting consequent on small road inequalities, and it is not easy to see why this matter has been so long neglected. The ordinary hansom cab is so provided, the ends of the springs being in most instances encased in rubber blocks, and even in railway practice the end of the spring is not now attached by links to the frame of the coach itself, but is usually held by a rod passing downwards through a bracket in which the aforesaid rod is passed through rubber pads, beneath which it is fastened to an iron plate. As a consequence, any vibration, before it reaches the carriage, passes through the spring itself, down the rod to the rubber pad, and through the pad upwards through the bracket to the frame, by which time most of it is deadened, and very easy running is secured. A transverse spring across the back of the car also greatly reduces tremor, but we seldom see it.

Accidents

The recent holidays have been unfortunately characterised by several very deplorable accidents, both to the public and to owners of cars themselves, and it is perfectly clear that, if we desire to avoid a recrudescence of the anti-motor crusade so ably engineered by one of the large morning papers last summer, it behoves all drivers to proceed with the utmost caution for some time to come, for there are many still, to whom the social Juggernaut is *anathema maranatha*. The only way to avoid danger to others is to drive at *all* times with the *utmost* caution, with eye, and hand, and brain ever on the alert. Motoring is now on its trial, and if the criminal recklessness of a few prevails, laws will be made *so* stringent that it will not be worth while to own a motor-car at all. This country has too many inhabitants to the square acre for high speeds *ever* to become possible along its roads. A mile in three minutes is fast enough for any but the mentally deficient.

C. G. Matson

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Teaching a Beginner

The spring has come, let us hope so at least, and with it the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of golf. Now is the moment when we must furbish up our golfing armour, and see that all our weapons are in good order, in preparation for the many battles that lie ahead of us. Now too, no doubt, many a man who has not yet enlisted in the golfing ranks will fall a victim to some recruiting sergeant and will be duly inducted into all the mysteries of the great game. It has occurred to me, therefore, that a few words of advice on the subject of teaching a beginner might be useful to teachers and pupils alike. I do not think I can put the matter more clearly than by imagining that some ardent spirit has come to me eager to be taught the rudiments of golf, and panting to emulate some friend who has just reached the stage of being able to play well enough to make a match with some other player of his own standing.

Where to Teach a Beginner

My first proceeding would be to take my pupil into some neighbouring field, or retired spot of the links with a selection of old clubs of mine, and there fight out with him the initial processes of the game. There is no more fatal mistake than starting a beginner on the course. He will be a burden to himself, his teacher, and all the players unlucky enough to be behind him. It is as well, too, to take a caddie along to retrieve the balls which will be used in practice. I think it best not to buy a set of clubs for the beginner until one has been able to watch how he shapes at his strokes, for it is often not possible for some time to judge whether the intending golfer will be best suited by long or short clubs, by an upright or flat lie, and many other shades of difference in clubs, out of which it is impossible to select the right sort without, perhaps, a week of experiments. Let the beginner, however, try his experiments *in corpore vili* of some of your old clubs, and you will soon be able to judge whether their lie, shape, and length suit him, or what difference it will be necessary to have in the set of clubs which, under your supervision, he will eventually purchase. Most probably our novice will have read some of the many admirable treatises on the game which now abound, and very possibly he will have diligently studied the lessons expounded by Mr. Beldam's photographs, and will have fastened on some particular champion whose style he wishes to copy. Will all due respect to all the eminent teachers in book form, it will be best to advise the pupil to dismiss all his book lore, and to place himself for the moment entirely in your hands.

House of Commons v. Ranelagh: Mr. Balfour, Driving from the Seventh Tee

In this match, played at Ranelagh, on Saturday, April 16, the home team had much the best of it, defeating the House of Commons by 9½ pts. to 0

The St. Andrews Caddie's Opinion of the Badminton "Golf"

This question of book lore recalls to my mind an amusing experience during a game with an old friend many years ago at St. Andrews. The Badminton book on golf had just appeared. My friend was playing abominably, and I was having an easy time of it. This was our first game together since the previous summer, when it had been a case of give and take and neither of us could make much in half-crowns out of the other. As we proceeded with our game I could hear my friend's grey-headed caddie keep on muttering the words "just trash, just trash," and it was evident that the relations between him and his master had been severely strained by something which I could not fathom. At last, when some culminating piece of bad play on my adversary's part had given me the game, and had rendered "Sandy," the caddie, speechless with fury, I asked him what was the matter. Thereupon Sandy proceeded to unburden his soul in the following fashion: "Eh, it's just yon abominable trash in Badminton that Mr. —— has been readin' and he's just trying to copy all they silly poseetions, and ye can see for yersel he canna play at a'—just trash. Why canna he play just his ain auld game?" Now, heaven forbid that I should be guilty of endorsing the sacrilegious criticism of the old Scottish

caddie. But a grain of truth lurked in his observations which many a player would do well to lay to heart. My friend had been playing a very decent game in a style which, if not entirely orthodox, yet suited him perfectly. In an evil moment for him he had dipped into the Badminton pages, had discovered, like a reader of a medical book, that he was suffering from every sort of golf disease, and had diligently set to work to alter his old style in accordance with the advice he had read, with the disastrous results on his game and his caddie's temper which I have recorded. Every man must eventually work out his own salvation at golf in the hard school of practical experience; having once acquired a style suitable to his particular physique, nothing can be more fatal for him than suddenly to alter that style, because, depressed by a period of bad play, he has gone to the pages of a golf manual for the cure of his woes. If it is bad for an old golfer to act in the above way, it is ten times worse for the beginner to attempt to evolve the game out of his inner consciousness aided by a golf grammar. He will probably find himself in the position of the German student who acquired the English language out of grammars and conversation books, and then found, on his arrival in England, that no one could understand a word he spoke, nor he anything that was said to him.

The Value of Practical Instruction

A few hours of practical instruction from an old player for a week or two are worth all the lessons a beginner can ever acquire by the study of golf manuals. Later on, when he has begun to understand the game, he will find countless useful hints in those works which he will then know how to adapt and mould into his own style.

Having got my beginner to the spot selected for his practice, I proceed to expound to him the root principles of the game. The first thing to show him (and what an important thing this is) is the proper way of holding the club.

The Importance of Gripping the Club Properly

Now there are many ways of holding the club, as Mr. Beldam's book clearly shows us. But, however much the various grips differ, at the base of them all is the principle of the finger grip. The club should not be held in the palm like a poker, but should lie and be held in the crook of the fingers, the remaining part of the hands then being allowed to close round the handle in the manner most comfortable to the player. Having expounded the grip, you next show your pupil a swing or two, and ask him to execute a similar swing. All the time you must be keenly studying his attitudes in the endeavour to find out what position and swing will be most comfortable and natural to him. Never try to make a man stand or swing in a way which he tells you is utterly uncomfortable to him. You must try to adapt his natural methods to the necessities of the game, and not make him conform to a pattern which, however right and orthodox, may be quite unfitted for this particular individual. Great patience is required on the part of the teacher, for there will be moments when the whole affair will appear hopeless, and, without great care, the intending learner will be so disgusted with himself that he will be tempted to throw up the sponge. He must be encouraged in every possible way. If the play club seems insuperably difficult, take him to the iron clubs, and keep on varying the clubs and strokes, so as to impart variety and prevent staleness. Presently he will hit a ball well, and will be so delighted that he will be fired with fresh enthusiasm. Do not try to teach too many things at first, but stick to the simple principles, and endeavour, if possible, to keep him out of an unnatural and awkward style.

Importance of Style

Style in golf, as in rowing, is a means to an end, that end being the power of executing the work in hand with the least amount of strain and exertion compatible with the necessities of the situation. A good style is an admirable servant but an evil master, and it is a bad moment for golfer or rower when he allows style to run away with him. When once you have got your pupil thoroughly grounded in the principles of the game, you must leave him to fight the matter out by himself, only occasionally giving a look to him, to correct any particularly vicious fault into which he may have fallen or relapsed. He will now be ready to try a fall with some other recent learner, and will acquire the rest of the game in the ups and downs of matches on the links. I had better not pursue this matter of teaching any further lest, peradventure, my old friend the Scottish caddie or some other equally candid friend be tempted to apply that pithy saying I have recorded above to what I have written—"trash, just trash."

Ernest Lehmann

House of Commons v. Ranelagh: Mr. Fisher Smith, Driving

The Prime Minister, who is seen standing on the green, was not in his best form, and was beaten somewhat easily by Mr. Fisher Smith

ANNUAL INTER-'VARSITY GOLF MATCH AT WOKING

WON BY OXFORD, AFTER A CLOSE STRUGGLE, BY TWO HOLES

Oxford

BACK ROW: W. M. Grundy, G. B. Sanderson, G. E. Grundy, C. H. Alison, G. R. Girdlestone
FRONT ROW: A. J. Graham (Sec.), J. O. Fairlie (Capt.), J. L. Humphreys

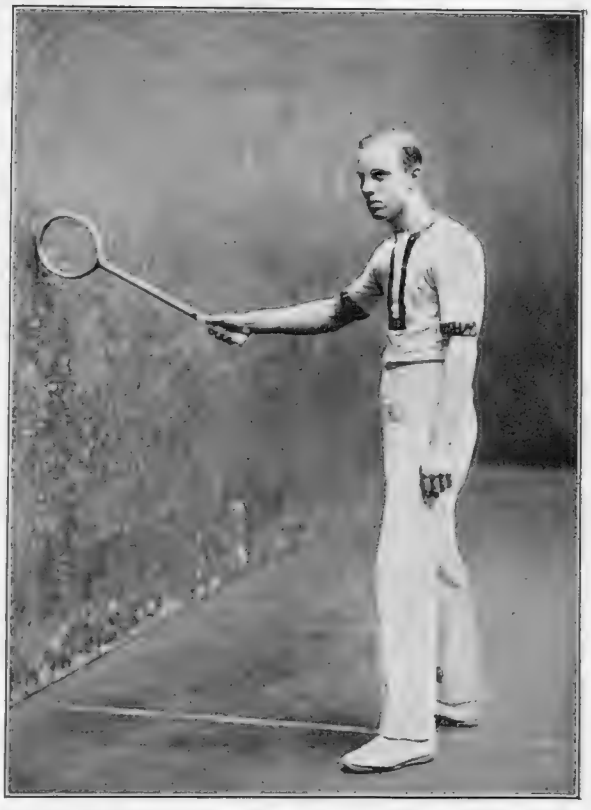
Photos by] **Cambridge** [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

BACK ROW: M.T. Allen, W. N. Potter, H. D. Gillies, R. C. Simpson, C. C. Wedderburn
FRONT ROW: G. Hoffmann (Sec.), H. C. McDonell (Capt.), C. E. Stuart

RACKETS: THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' CHALLENGE CUP

IN THE FINAL ROUND, WINCHESTER BEAT MALVERN BY FOUR GAMES TO LOVE

Hon. C. N. Bruce



Mr. E. L. Wright

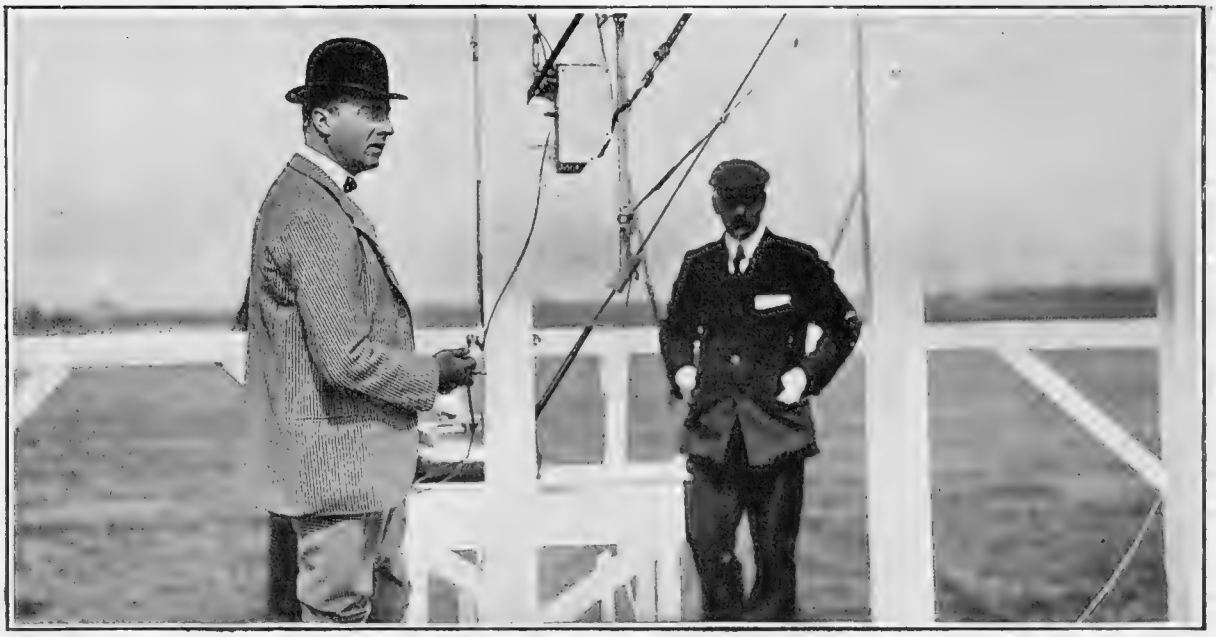
THE WYKEHAMITES, WHO WON THE CUP

Mr. G. N. Foster

Mr. A. P. Day

THE MALVERNIAN RUNNERS-UP

THE NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING



Mr. H. Owen Starting with the New Electric Release Gate
By this contrivance the starter is able to raise the gate without the jockeys being able to anticipate the start by watching his preparations

The Start for the Craven Stakes
The race was won by Airlie

The Scribe—M. Cannon Up
Winner of the Bennington Stakes

AT THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING: "THE CITY AND SUBURBAN"

Lord Carnarvon's Horse, "Robert le Diable," Winning the City and Suburban

Another cloudless day brought more people to Epsom than the day before. His Majesty, accompanied by Prince Christian, went down to Epsom to see this popular race run. "Robert le Diable" (W. Lane up), won a good race by three lengths, Mr. J. B. Joel's "Dean Swift" taking second place, and Lord Westbury's "Cerisier" third

The Winner, "Robert le Diable"

Lord Carnarvon's entry was bred in France, his sire being "Ayrshire," and his dam "Rose Bay." He started favourite in this race last year, but ran badly. That he was not fancied very much this year is shown by his starting price of 40 to 1. His jockey, W. Lane, also rode "Elba" to victory in the Metropolitan on the day before

AT THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING: "THE METROPOLITAN"

The Scene from the Stands

Although hardly so important as the City and Suburban, the Great Metropolitan is prettier from a spectacular point of view. Magnificent weather caused the Downs to be thronged with people who participated in the usual Epsom amusements between the races

Lord Cadogan's "Elba," the Winner

"Mark Time" was favourite in the great race of the day, and it was only after a splendid struggle, in which superior jockeyship gained the day, that Elba won from the favourite by half a length

The Connoisseur.

Applied Art in Furniture

Although the appreciation of English eighteenth century furniture is now at its highest point, when we want the *meubles de luxe* of palaces, we must turn to the great periods of France. The Italians have had the grand manner without doubt, the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the northern states of Europe, have, in their day, been fruitful in superb examples — but France drew inspiration from them all. In the gorgeous days, before the new world was called into existence to redress the balance of the old, wealth was lavished on every piece of furniture planned and produced for the admiration of a king's mistress or the amusement of an over-cultivated connoisseur. Looking at the examples of the great periods one again . . . . . sees:

Alcôves, *Ruelles*, the *Lever* and the *Coucher*,
Patches and Ruffles, *Roués* and *Marquises*;
The little great, the infinite small thing
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king.

Louis XV. Carved and Gilt Bergère, with Brocade

In the styles now known as Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize, France very ably expressed the luxury and vanity of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in her Courts and in the palaces of her then mighty aristocracy. What the world calls by the names of kings the collector thinks of as the work of great designers. Artists and *ébénists* such as Le Brun, Watteau, Lancret and Boucher, the friends of furniture, as all decorative painters are; Boule, Vernis Martin, Riesener, Oeben, and a hundred others, whose beautiful work was overlain with the exquisite mouldings of Caffieri, Gouthière and other immortals of the craft, these have made the glory of the kings. The amateur whose whim is for a boule armoire of Louis XIV., or a commode with gilt bronze mountings by Caffieri of Louis XV., must now be prepared to pay anything up to, say, £20,000 for an original production with an undoubtedly historic past. This, of course, makes the periods more interesting to the millionaire than to the ordinary collector. But, then, there is undoubtedly a new development in regard to the grand styles. It used to be said, and very rightly, that the true test of the value of a style of furniture was to produce an example in simple material, and then judge its qualities. Now, an inexpensively made boule armoire, designed, say, by Le Brun, is an almost unthinkable horror. A late Louis Quatorze suite, *canapé* and six *fauteuils*, by

Louis XVI. Settee and Chairs, Carved and Gilded, and Covered in Tapestry

Table with Green Marble Top, Carved and Gilded with Old Gold

Commode in Marble, Marquetry with Bronze Mountings

TWO MARVELLOUS COPIES OF HISTORIC EXAMPLES MADE BY GILLOWS

HEAL & SON'S

Reproductions of Early Georgian Bedroom Furniture.

Booklet containing Photographs, Prices, and all Particulars sent Post Free on application to

195 etc., TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.

Season 1904

To complete your outfit for the new season you will want the

3a FOLDING POCKET KODAK.

The acme of perfection in roll film cameras. It has every desirable movement, and is of the finest workmanship, highest finish, greatest ingenuity and durability, embodying, in fact, "all the well-known Kodak nicety of detail, beauty of appearance, and sweetness and sureness of movement." The dimensions of the picture it gives are most pleasing for all classes of work, whether portrait or landscape, and make the camera an ideal one for the serious amateur.

THE POSTCARD CAMERA

PAR EXCELLENCE.

FOR PICTURES 5½ by 3¼

The Most Perfect Camera ever devised for Films or Plates.

Fitted with BAUSCH & LOMB Shutter, with graduated speeds from 1/100th of a second to time } £5 2 6

Fitted with F.P.K. Automatic Shutter .. .. .. } 4 10 0

May be obtained from all Dealers, or from—

WARNING!

The name KODAK on Photographic Goods is as the hall mark on silver. Refuse all substitutes, and kindly advise us when they are pressed upon you.

KODAK LTD. 41-43 Clerkenwell Road LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale & Retail Branch: 96 Bold Street Liverpool & 72-74 Buchanan Street Glasgow.

Retail Branches: 59 Brompton Road S.W., 60 Cheapside E.C. 115 Oxford Street W., 171-173 Regent Street W., & 40 Strand, London, W.C.

Schweppes
Table Waters

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TO THE KING AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Shortly to be Supplied in Bottles with

"The Phœnix Cork" if specially ordered.

TUBS FOR SHRUBS.

Beautifully made in Oak, stained and varnished. Coppered Hoops, Bronze Handles. Various shapes. Highly decorative. For full particulars of shapes, prices, etc., send for Illustrated Catalogue, post-free. Awarded the Royal Horticultural Society's Silver Medal at the Holland House Summer Show on June 25th and 26th, 1903.

"B.Y." CHAMPION & Co.,
Corner of City Road and Old Street,
LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

ERARD
PIANOS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.
18, GREAT MARLBORO' STREET, W.

Restaurant Dieudonne.
(RYDER STREET, ST. JAMES'S)

Renowned for Excellent Cuisine.

DIEUDONNE'S SPECIAL DINNER, 7s. 6d. LUNCHEON . . 3s. 6d.
ABRIDGED MENU, 5s. 6d. SUPPER . . . . 4s. 6d.

Reserve your Tables in Advance,

SERVICE.—A la Carte, at Popular Prices.

Telephone No. 5265 Gerrard. Telegraphic Address: "Guffanti," London.

THE ONLY THERMAL SPA IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE HISTORIC KING'S BATH AND MINERAL SPRING.

BATHS of BATH

Sufferers from Gout & Rheumatism should write for Illustrated Guide sent post free. *Address Secretary,* GRAND PUMP ROOM, BATH.

unskilled workmen, or the *Bureau du Roi*, or a Louis Quinze "Commode" in parquetry encased in Caffieri bronze, all of cheap manufacture, would be the last word of vulgarity. A second-rate Louis Seize *causeuse*, or a secretaire in marquetry, with sham bronze gilt mountings in imitation of Gouthière—can one think of anything more contradictory and feeble? But these things have been done for many, many years. On the Continent the furniture of the middle classes is a hollow and dissonant echo of the Louis XV. period. Our own Early Victorian misfortunes owed their abject curliness to the same cause. But, although the French styles will not bear translating into poor material by ordinary workmen, many copies have much of the excellence of the originals. To those interested in the subject, a glance through the 400 pages of illustrations to Mr. Thomas Arthur Strange's admirable work on "French Interiors, Furniture, etc.," will at once show that the styles of the last half of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth century, were, to a great extent, due to the methods of ornament employed at various times. Having once received these designs from the great artists of France, the reproduction can be accomplished—if you care to pay for it. No one has given more time and thought to this branch of applied art than Messrs. Gillows, whose work in this direction is extremely valuable and charming. The Louis XV. Bergère, in carved and gilded wood covered in rich brocade, is a highly typical piece. It was an early forerunner of the armchair of our own time, and will probably remain in vogue, for more or less official purposes, for many hundreds of years. The extreme elaboration of design in this period is well illustrated in the green marble-topped table carved and gilded, of course. Even now, with the manifold aid of machinery, such a table will take about four months to make; but when it is finished, none but an accomplished expert could know it from an original piece in excellent preservation. The chairs and settee show a change in manner and the lightness and brightness of the early Louis XVI. The tapestries were designed by some artist of gaiety, such as Boucher, and the general life of pleasant elegance is expressed in all the lines and colouring:

> For these were yet the days of halcyon weather,—
> A "Martin's Summer," when the nation swam,
> Aimless and easy as a wayward feather,
> Down the full tide of jest and epigram;
> A careless time, when France's bluest blood
> Beat to the tune of "After us the Flood."

An always agreeable style of work which combines the marquetry of an early date with the touch of classicism which was soon to conquer in the world of furniture is the commode which we give last. All these examples are from the galleries of Messrs. Gillows, whose collection is a liberal education in very many of the best periods of cabinet work, and whose long and valuable services to the craft of furniture give them an authority and knowledge that the world, from prince to plutocrat, gladly uses. E. M.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Popular Entertainer

Mr. Charles Gillett is to be congratulated on the success of his recent dramatic, humorous, and musical recital at the Steinway Hall. His programme embraced selections both grave and gay, and an item of topical interest was an excerpt from the late Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," which was tastefully accompanied on the piano by Miss Ellen Cowdell. This clever lady contributed not a little to the *éclat* of the occasion, and her song, "April," then sung for the first time, is particularly dainty and tuneful.

International Matches

This season will witness the International Matches at Wimbledon for the cup the redoubtable Dohertys wrested from the Americans—much to their chagrin—last year. France, Austria, and, we believe, Belgium, have entered, besides America, so we shall doubtless witness some exciting play. Messrs. Slazenger Sons, of St. Lawrence Pountney Hill, have forwarded us a specimen racquet for the coming season, which is built exactly on the model of that Mr. H. L. Doherty won the championship of England, as well as of the United States, last year. Everyone knows the famous and popular "Doherty" racquet, but the wideawake manufacturers have introduced further improvements into it. The racquet is made with a long narrow head and a new system of stringing the gut, whereby it has enormous driving power. Needless to add that Messrs. Slazenger are besieged with orders, and those players who want to purchase a new "Doherty" should book their orders without delay if they want a racquet within any reasonable time. The price, we understand, is, as heretofore, 27*s.* 6*d.*

Our Coloured Supplement

"The Night Post," which forms the subject of our coloured supplement this week, is the second of a series of reproductions from valuable old sporting prints. Companion pictures will be given in the near future, and the series is one in every way suitable for framing.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"The Admirable Tinker." By Edgar Jepson. 6*s.* (Eveleigh Nash)

"The Tutor's Love Story." By Walter Frith. 6*s.* (Constable.)

"The Fishers." By J. Henry Harris. 6*s.* (John Lane.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Price of a Smoke." by R.V. 1*s.* (W. R. Russell.)

"Three Years in the Klondike." By J. Lynch. (Edward Arnold.)

"The Golfer's Handbook" (Indispensable.) Published by the Golf Agency, Edinburgh and London. 2*s.*

"Old West Surrey." By Gertrude Jekyll. (Longmans Green). 13*s.* net.

"Guide to Bath." Illustrated. (Ward Lock.) 1*s.*

JAS. **SHOOLBRED** & CO.

CORSET DEPARTMENT.

THE NEW T.H CORSET

In best quality White Coutil **21/9**
In best quality Black Zanella **23/9**

Best New Greenland Whalebone, with Straight Front, specially cut to ensure comfort and avoid undue pressure.

Only to be procured of J. S. & Co.

J. S. & Co. hold a Large Stock of Corsets at all prices from ~~4/11~~

Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, W.

BRADLEY AND SONS

THE

'SERVICE'

(1904) COAT

Made in Tweeds, Cloths, and Homespuns, which have undergone the finest known process of **Waterproofing,** but are **not air-tight.**

LINED SILK

From **4½** GUINEAS

FROM STOCK OR TO ORDER.

Sample Coats sent on approval.

Also in full length and in light weight Summer textures, as **Alpaca, Silk Gloria,** etc. Suitable for Dust Wraps.

CHEPSTOW PLACE, BAYSWATER, W.

(CORNER OF WESTBOURNE GROVE).

PETER ROBINSON, LD.

252 to 264, REGENT ST., W.

R. S. Lottie

Linen Shirt (White only), smartly cut, with inch stitched Tucks, and detachable collar. Three sizes. **Price 9/11**

Goods can be sent on approval.

MISSES H. & I. WOOLLAN

(UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE).

ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

OLD CHINA.

Worcester and Lowestoft China, Bowls, etc.

Old Lace, Prints, Class, etc.

TELEPHONE 5467 GERRARD.

28, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

The Bystander, April 27, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 21.—Vol. II. Wednesday, April 27, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

GILLOWS

(WARING & GILLOW, Ltd.)

Telephone Nos. 30 PADDINGTON. 2347 GERRARD.

Telegrams: "GILLOWS, LONDON."

GILLOWS' LISTS of Residential Estates, Country Houses, and Sportings are published in Two Parts, and may be obtained on application, or post free six stamps.

I. Estates and Houses to be Sold, or Let, Unfurnished.

II. Furnished Mansions, with or without Shootings.

KENT (near the coast, 500 ft. above sea level).—To be LET, Furnished, the above beautiful Old English MANOR HOUSE, standing in midst of beautiful estate of 4,400 acres, approached by a carriage drive, containing: Billiard, 6 reception, 23 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 15; old park, pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens; charming old church in grounds: hunting, golf.—GILLOWS have inspected and recommend. Would be Sold. (12,087)

WOKING (near).—To be SOLD a charming modern RESIDENCE standing in well-matured grounds of 3½ acres. Accommodation: billiard and 3 reception, 9 bedrooms. Stabling for 3 with rooms over. Electric light throughout. Price £7,000. Photo, etc., of GILLOWS (12,119)

BANKS OF THE THAMES (overlooking well-known lock). To be SOLD, 14 years' lease of an attractive RESIDENCE in secluded grounds of 2 acres. Accommodation: billiard and 3 reception, 9 bedrooms. Electric light, telephone. Stabling for 3 with rooms over. Cottage. Other details and photos of GILLOWS, who have inspected and recommend. (12,010)

DERBY (near).—To be LET, Furnished, a charming XIVth CENTURY RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception, 14 bedrooms; stabling, cottages, lodge; 23 acres of grounds; shooting, fishing, hunting.—Photos, etc., of GILLOWS. (12,161)

HERTS (near Watford).—To be SOLD, this charming red-brick RESIDENCE, 400ft. above sea level, commanding magnificent and extensive views. Approached by carriage-drive, and contains: Square sitting hall, 3 reception and 6 bedrooms; stabling for 3; grounds of 3 acres. Golf, shooting, and hunting in neighbourhood.—Inspected and strongly recommended by GILLOWS. (12,056)

BERKS (OLD WINDSOR).—To be SOLD, a desirable RESIDENCE, within 2½ miles of Windsor, containing: 5 reception, 13 bedrooms; excellent stabling; well laid out grounds of 5 acres. Price 9,000 guineas. Would be Let Furnished.—Agents, GILLOWS. (12,196)

LOVELY DORKING DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an old-fashioned gabled RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); stabling. 1½ acre. Price £3,000, or let unfurnished.—GILLOWS. (12,133)

TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS.

MESSRS. GILLOWS are agents for the best HOUSES and FLATS (Furnished and Unfurnished) in all the favourite districts, especially Mayfair, Belgravia, Portman Square, and Hyde Park, and will be pleased to forward a selection on receipt of requirements.

OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK.—£2,500 will be accepted for the 21 years' lease of a very choice RESIDENCE containing 8 bed, 2 bath, and 5 reception rooms. Stabling: newly decorated; new drains. Electric light. Agents, GILLOWS. (40,092)

BETWEEN PORTMAN AND MANCHESTER SQUARES.—£7,000 will secure an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE situate between the above two squares, containing 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 4 reception rooms, and stabling for 4. Electric light and every convenience. South aspect. Recommended by GILLOWS. (40,091)

BELGRAVE SQUARE.—To be SOLD, the lease of one of the finest MANSIONS in this favourite position, overlooking ornamental gardens, and containing 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 6 reception rooms, and stabling for 5. Entirely redecorated and modernised. Ground Rent, £4 per annum.—Apply GILLOWS. (38,218)

TAVISTOCK SQUARE.—£1,300, or close offer, will purchase the 25 years direct Bedford Lease of one of these well-built RESIDENCES: accommodation, 10 bed, bath, and 3 reception rooms. Ground Rent, £36 per annum.—Agents, GILLOWS. (38,008)

LEINSTER GARDENS, Hyde Park.—A very attractive medium-sized RESIDENCE, modernised at considerable expense. Nine bed and dressing rooms, bath, 5 reception rooms. Rent £180. Nominal premium to include fixtures.—Agents, GILLOWS. (40,066)

GLOUCESTER SQUARE, Hyde Park.—To be SOLD, the 31 years' lease of one of these well-arranged RESIDENCES. Accommodation: 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception-rooms. Ground rent £63 per annum. Price £7,500. (40,083)

LANCASTER GATE.—To be SOLD, the long LEASE of one of the best of these magnificent MANSIONS, fitted with all modern improvements, new drainage, etc. Accommodation: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 6 very fine reception rooms, and stabling for 4 horses.—For further details, apply GILLOWS, as above. (40,016)

TO be LET for season, a very light, well furnished RESIDENCE, situate midway between Portman and Manchester Squares, containing 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 3 reception rooms and stabling. Rent, 300 guineas. Strongly recommended by the Agents, GILLOWS. (39,055)

REGENT'S PARK.—To be LET for the season, a year or longer, a beautifully furnished RESIDENCE, replete with every possible convenience. Accommodation: 11 bed, bath, and 4 reception rooms. Stabling for 4. Charming views over Park.—Apply, the Agents, GILLOWS, as above. (39,044)

GLOUCESTER TERRACE, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park.—To LET for the season or longer a charmingly furnished and newly decorated RESIDENCE, 9 large and lofty bed and dressing-rooms, bath, 3 handsome reception rooms, full size billiard room, &c. Electric light, speaking tubes and every modern convenience; moderate rent according to length of time required.—Apply GILLOWS, as above. (39,096)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES.—Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished and Unfurnished. Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48 Duke Street), W.

CORNWALL (overlooking a beautiful bay and magnificent open country).—To be SOLD, the above depictured RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, and bathroom. Stabling. Well laid out grounds of 1½ acres. Price, £3,500. Agents, GILLOWS. (12,181)

GLOS. (near Cheltenham).—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD ESTATE of 380 acres, 800 ft. above sea-level, with MANSION, containing: 4 reception, 13 bedrooms. Stabling for 8. Farmery and 13 cottages. Excellent shooting, hunting, and golf. Price, plan, and photos of GILLOWS. (12,180)

BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—To be SOLD, a well-arranged farm, extending over 370 acres, 2½ miles from station, with fine site for MANSION. Farm accommodation: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms; good outbuildings, 5 cottages. Price, £6,500.—Full details of GILLOWS. (12,179)

KENT (NEAR HYTHE).—To be SOLD, an historical RESIDENCE, in good repair, having extensive sea and land views. Accommodation: 3 reception and 9 bedrooms. Stabling for 4; motor house; cottages, farm house; 100 acres would be sold with land round house. Price for whole, £7,500.—GILLOWS. (12,099)

IN THE VERY HEALTHY AND PICTURESQUE LOCALITY OF HEATHFIELD.—To be SOLD or LET, this excellent and well-built RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 6 acres, some 450ft. above sea level, approached by a carriage drive with picturesque lodge at entrance. Accommodation: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms; ample stabling, coach-house, with living rooms over. Price 4,000 guineas.—Further particulars, etc., of the Agents, GILLOWS, as above (11,143)

HORSHAM AND GUILDFORD (between).—To be SOLD an old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by drive and containing: spacious hall, 4 reception, 15 bed, bath (h. and c.). Stabling, cottages, farm-buildings. 172 acres of grounds. Photos and other details of GILLOWS. (12,100)

BUCKS (Slough), 1½ miles from river.—To be LET Furnished a charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE. 3 reception, 9 bedrooms. Stabling for 4, and room for man; pretty grounds. Photos, etc., of GILLOWS. (11,764)

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS and VALUERS

AUCTIONS of ESTATES and RESIDENCES conducted monthly at the Mart, London, E.C.

VALUATIONS AND SALES of Furniture, Pictures, Farming Stock, Timber, etc.—Auction Offices, 1, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR THE FAMOUS PINE WOODS.

BEAUTIFUL COBHAM DISTRICT.
40 MINUTES' RAIL FROM LONDON.

THIS delightful modernised RESIDENCE, standing in the midst of 40 acres of parkland, To be LET, Unfurnished. It contains: four reception rooms, twelve bed and dressing rooms, usual offices; stabling for four; fine old pleasure and kitchen gardens, two tennis courts, glasshouses, and 38 acres of pleasure-land; church, station, and golf links within easy reach.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Genuine Old Queen Anne Residence, facing the Common.

WIMBLEDON COMMON, almost adjoining the golf links.—The picturesque and thoroughly comfortable FAMILY RESIDENCE, known as Stamford House, containing: large entrance hall, three reception, thirteen bedrooms (including two rooms which would form billiard room), bath, capital domestic offices, including servants' hall; stabling for motors or cycles; secluded garden.

HAMPTON and SONS will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, May 16, at two o'clock precisely (unless previously sold by private treaty).

Particulars and conditions of sale of Messrs. CRAWLEY, ARNOLD, and Co., Solicitors, 3, Arlington Street, S.W.; or of the Auctioneers, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 1, Cockspur Street, S.W.

500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL; 35 minutes from Town.—To be LET, Unfurnished, an attractive RESIDENCE, containing: four reception rooms, usual offices, seven bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); small stabling; charming grounds, well timbered; tennis and croquet lawns; kitchen garden, greenhouse; would be SOLD; rent only £90; small premium.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.: and Oxted.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL (grand position on high ground, with extensive views.—For SALE, a most attractive and well-planned modern RESIDENCE, situate in the best part of this favourite residential locality, about five minutes from station. Contains: four reception and eight bed and dressing rooms, bath, and complete offices; delightful grounds, shady tennis lawns, conservatory, kitchen gardens, etc.—Full details of HAMPTON & SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CHOICE RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

MOUNT FELIX (Walton-on-Thames).—An exceptionally choice Freehold RIVERSIDE PROPERTY, including the perfectly-appointed Mansion, placed high above the river in its beautiful old grounds and parklands; excellent stabling, lodges, etc. HAMPTON and SONS are instructed to SELL this choice Residential Estate by Private Treaty.—Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A PERFECT BIJOU RESIDENCE WITH DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

WALTON-ON-THAMES (in the best part, about one mile from the river, and a few minutes from station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming Bijou RESIDENCE, approached by a long avenue carriage drive, and containing: porch, hall, billiard, three receptions opening on to rustic verandah, servants' hall, butler's pantry (h. and c.), and usual domestic offices, seven bedrooms, boxroom, fitted bathroom (h. and c.), two staircases; stabling for three; main drainage, Company's gas and water laid on, telephone connected. The lovely old grounds are quite a feature of the place, and include tennis and croquet lawns, extensive woodlands, walled kitchen garden, paddock, vinery, greenhouse, conservatory, etc., in all about five acres.—Rent and full particulars of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PERFECT RESIDENCE. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

MARLOW (high above the river, in an exquisite position in Quarry Woods, with delightful views and surroundings of great beauty).—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD (or would be Let, Furnished, for the summer), the above most artistic and perfectly fitted RESIDENCE, forming an ideal up-river retreat, standing in remarkably pretty grounds of five and a half acres, bordered by Quarry Woods. It is approached by drive from lodge, and contains: inner and outer halls, drawing or billiard-room, dining-room, morning-room, servants' hall, and complete offices, ten bedrooms, bathroom, delightful balcony, from which are charming views over river; excellent modern stabling for three horses, and rooms for coachman and groom; engine house, private boat-house, etc.: tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. The entire premises are in perfect order, and lighted by electricity throughout. Additional land can be purchased if desired. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES and RESIDENCES and SPORTINGS for SALE, and to be LET, published in two parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—
I. Unfurnished Houses and Landed Estates.
II. Furnished Residences and Shootings.

OXFORDSHIRE.
BANKS OF THE THAMES.

TO BE SOLD, this very delightful RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE, installed with electric light, charmingly placed in beautifully-timbered grounds, just over an hour's rail from Paddington. It contains: three reception and eight bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), usual offices, stabling; tennis lawn, summer-houses, meadow; private creek with boat-house.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON & SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AT A TIMES' PRICE.

SEVENOAKS (close to the station).—The attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, known as Stamford Lodge, containing: three reception, seven bed and dressing-rooms, and bathroom, domestic offices, and in the basement cellerage; well wooded gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, fruit and vegetable garden; workshop; dark room, observatory; long frontages to existing roads, with space for erection of two other residences.—About two acres.—Gas and water laid on.

HAMPTON and SONS will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on June 10, in conjunction with Messrs. F. D. IBBETT and Co.—Particulars shortly, of Ibbett and Co., Sevenoaks, and of Hampton and Sons, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£1,400—Convenient for City and West end.—A BIJOU RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, containing: six bed, bath, and four reception rooms; conservatory: charming grounds of nearly an acre.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WITHIN A DRIVE SOUTH OF TOWN.

22 ACRES commodious Family RESIDENCE, and perfect grounds.—To be LET, Unfurnished, on very advantageous terms, the above exceedingly charming Residence, combining all the privacy and attractions of a country house, with accessibility to Town. It stands in choice grounds and paddocks of twenty-two acres, and contains: hall, a suite of very fine reception rooms, gallery, billiard room, twelve bedrooms, two bathrooms, and excellent offices; stabling for five horses, cottage, farmery, dairy, and all possible conveniences. Gas and water laid on. Delightful grounds, handsomely timbered, walled kitchen garden, tennis lawns, and park-like meadows. Close to golf. South aspect. Main drainage. Inspected and strongly recommended.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London." Telephone Nos. {1971 Kensington. 5151 Westminster.

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS 87, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

SUSSEX (within a drive of Brighton).—To be LET Furnished or Unfurnished a beautiful old-fashioned family RESIDENCE in a glorious position. It contains 6 reception-rooms, billiard-room, 12 bed and dressing-rooms, bathroom, etc., ample stabling, beautiful pleasure grounds and ornamental wood, in all about 9 acres. Rough shooting over 64 acres and more shooting can be had by arrangement. Golf and hunting. Rent Unfurnished £250 per annum; Furnished 300 guineas per annum; or would be let for the Summer.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,602)

HERTS (near Boxmoor, within easy reach of station).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this delightful RESIDENCE, containing smoking lounge, three reception rooms, five bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.) and usual offices, and standing in pretty shady grounds of about two acres, with lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden, and ornamental stream; stabling for five horses and cottage. Price, 1,500 guineas. Rent, Unfurnished, £100 per annum; rent, Furnished, according to term.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,478)

YACHTING, BOATING, ETC.

HANTS (near the Solent, and on the borders of the New Forest).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charmingly situated RESIDENCE in one of the prettiest parts of the county, and commanding extensive views. It is within one and three-quarter miles of the Solent, one and a half miles of Fawley, and five miles of Hythe. It contains: hall, three reception rooms, six bedrooms, kitchen, and usual offices; stabling, coach-house, man's rooms, carpenter's shop, cowshed, piggery, etc. There is a pretty flower garden, lawns, and kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock. Price £1,500. Rent, Furnished, £80 per annum; Unfurnished, £70 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

25 MINUTES OF TOWN

£2,500 will buy a charming old-fashioned freehold RESIDENCE, containing hall, three reception, billiard rooms, five bedrooms, bathroom, good offices, stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, outbuildings, etc., standing in very pretty, well timbered grounds of about 2 acres, with tennis lawn, kitchen and flower garden, orchard and greenhouse, etc. Inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,536)

WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF TOWN.

HERTS (Arkley; within easy reach of Station)—To be LET a charmingly and most conveniently situated RESIDENCE standing in its own well laid out grounds of about 2 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, greenhouse. It contains 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices, conservatory; stabling for 3 horses; coach-house, rooms over; outbuildings, cottage and paddock. Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,754)

LEICESTERSHIRE (Market Harborough).—To be LET, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE in one of the favourite hunting centres. It contains 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and usual offices. Excellent stabling for 9 horses. Pretty pleasure and flower gardens, walled kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, in all about 4 acres. Hunting about 6 days a week. Rent £120 per annum. Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,663)

HANTS (in a favourite part).—To be LET Furnished the above charmingly situated RESIDENCE within 2 miles of 2 stations, and standing in its own shady and secluded grounds of about 12 acres. It contains 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing-rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and offices. Stabling for 3 horses and outbuildings. Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,705)

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

[FOUNDED 1871.]

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

* * *

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder. Or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle) the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 26th day of April, 1904, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 4th day of May, 1904.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance either direct to our Publisher, or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps, for registration, to

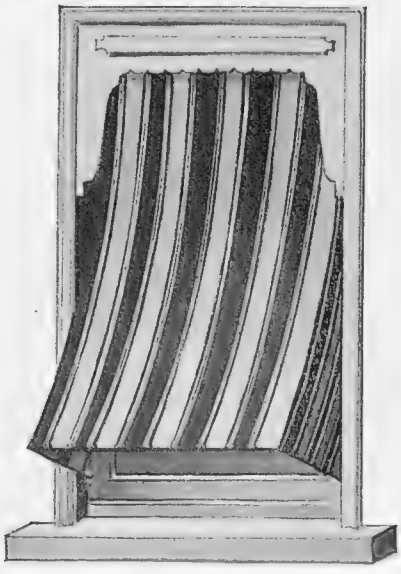
THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. you receive THE BYSTANDER *weekly for 52 weeks and are insured as above*

And " " " " 14s. 1d. " " " " " " 26 " " " " " "

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.



THE FLORENTINE.

Casement Blinds

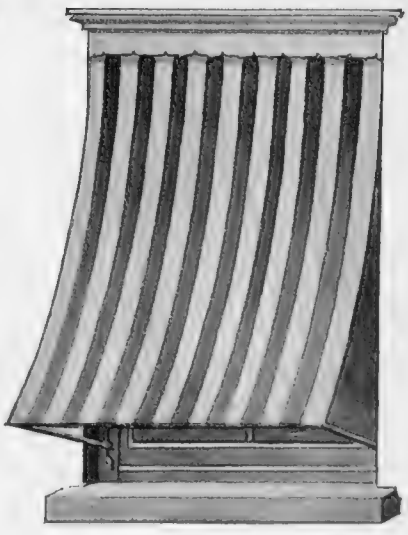
Inside

and

Outside Blinds

a Speciality.

Patterns and Estimates Free.



THE ITALIAN.

CASEMENT FABRICS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

PINOLEUM SUN BLINDS.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co., TOTTENHAM COURT Rd., LONDON, W.

Osler

Electric Fittings.

100, OXFORD STREET, W.

By Royal *Appointment*

AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS, PARIS, 1900.

HOWARDS, LTD.,

— SPECIALITY —

EASY CHAIRS

HOWARD & SONS, Ltd.

25, BERNERS STREET, W.

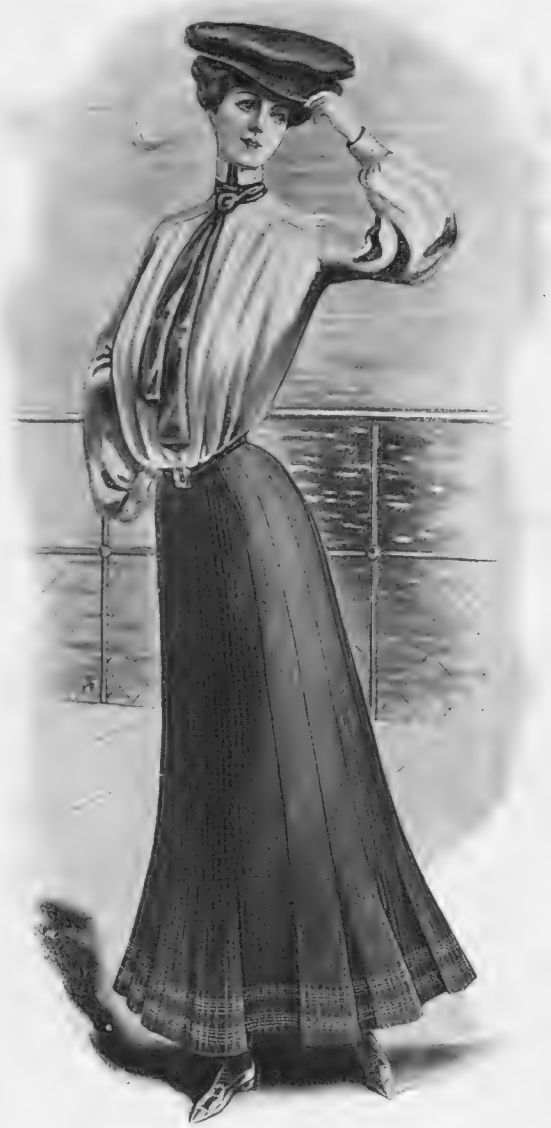
Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Trade Economics

We were assisting at a conversation the other day, which has left its impression on us—a somewhat puzzling, unsatisfactory impression, by the way. Briefly, the text was this, and it was apropos, now I come to remember, of a defence in a French contemporary of the prevailing extravagance in dress. The plea, brought forward in favour of spending, was based on the revolving wheel of economics, an obvious case in point being the new lease of life accorded to the silk weavers in Lyons, and other centres given over to *soie* industries, by reason of the universal demand for taffetas, peau de soie, brocades, and satins. And it is but a step from silk to hand embroidery, which is assuredly a most prolific source of work to the deft needlewoman, since a goodly portion of all the best gowns comprise appliqués, Teneriffe stitch, embroidered laces, and elaborate stitchery of every imaginable artistic quality.

Hats, again, a daily bone of contention between the wife who incontinently buys and the husband who complainingly pays, are responsible for a life in the municipalities given over to straw productions, the like whereof has not been known for years. And yet the strange, the dazzling, the bewildering part of it all is no one has any money to spend—in a relative way of speaking.



A Charming Viyella Skirt for River Wear

A Solution to the Situation

Possibly we are going through an intermediate phase, and the producers of to-day will be the buyers of to-morrow; reversals are a law of Nature, are they not? Meanwhile, with the continued craze for society rushing into trade, we are to be dangerously likened to the community who lived and thrived on taking in each other's washing. Perchance, indeed, this is the solution to the immediately strained situation, and, who knows but what we shall shortly hear of bargains after this style:

Laly M. *(a face masseuse)*: My dear, what a quite too lovely hat. Two and a half guineas? Yes, I will have it, and stand you in a course of my new and exclusive wrinkle cure. *(Mutual embraces.)*

The Hon. Mrs. B.: Of course, I shall be delighted to make you one of our simple little linen frocks, only ten guineas to you, practically cost price. And I will take in barter three of your hand-embroidered linen shirts. *(Ecstasies and tea.)*

The Busy Frock

But *sans blague*, with no desire to be unduly depressing, La Mode for the moment is pleased to be tantalisingly detailed. During the past week Ambrosine and I have been interviewing several of the leading ateliers, and are frankly unable to recall one single creation that was not a very labyrinth of flounces, bouillonnés and gaugings. They are growing altogether too busy, these frocks of ours, and none will be less surprised than your humble fashion contributor to observe a distinct reaction in the near future—a reaction Ambrosine insists upon attributing to the rapid oncoming of the Diréctoire modes. We have already written of the prevalence of shepherd's plaids, and must claim your indulgence for reverting to the theme, because we would retract a somewhat general statement made, as to the superior effect of a self-coloured cloth or taffeta coatee.

During the past week, we have met the shepherd's plaid in whole battalions, and are prepared to vouch every elegant thing in its name carried throughout a costume. A singularly attractive little model, the only one, by the way, to own a skirt guiltless of decoration other than a deep line of

gaugings about the hips, was rendered distinctive by a touch of royal blue on the corsage, introduced in a shaded embroidery on a band of cloth, and various hems of satin. Nor is there any more conceivably chic suit than one of black and white Etamine, the short basqued coat opening on a vest of crash linen, in green, buff, or white, the small step collar revers faced with some pronounced tone velvet, such as amaranth, cyclamen, orchidee mauve, or one of the seductively subtle tender greens, the crowning triumph being found in one of those adorable new sailors of coarse straw, which have contrived to hit the always desirable mean, between the erstwhile straight brim affair and its curled-up French prototype. According to this last decree, the brim stands straight over the face, save for the slightest upward undulation in the centre, but is curled up at the back; while the crown, very frequently a folded or indented arrangement, is obviously wider than it is long, a procedure we are all discovering to possess infinitely becoming influences, and a relief, forsooth, not to be denied after the trying reign of the Torpedo toque, to which the epitaph, "Requiescat in pace," may at last be finally written.

A Lovely Louis Seize Evening Toilette

Viyella under its Latest Auspices

Looking backwards—and there is no more healthy recreation than retrospecting, since no other alternative is so helpful in affording us a proper balance of judgment in connection with the events of the hour—we are positively amazed at the strides made by Viyella. For long, almost indeed from its earliest inception, was Viyella accepted by the autocrats ruling the nursery as the most supremely perfected fabric for children's wear, more especially underwear. And, really, one cannot too cordially condemn any encouragement being given to base imitations. But the pioneers of Viyella, having secured an emphatically good thing, were in no sort content to rest on the laurels of any limitations, and that which it now alone remains for a grateful public to confess is the illimitable possibilities of the fabric. It may be this is cracking an old nut for many of our readers; but we are, on the other hand, firmly persuaded there are a sufficiently fair percentage to warrant the slight pæan of praise, who are not as yet completely awake to the fact that entire gowns, and eminently desirable gowns, moreover, are fashioned throughout of Viyella.

With the river season directly at hand, together with yachting, tennis, etc., the question of Viyella becomes a vital one, a conviction immediately responsible for that picture, illustrating a notion for a navy and white striped Viyella skirt, box pleated and trimmed with rows of white stitching. Or there is a navy and white spot Viyella, that would look well built up after a like manner; whilst a cream ground with pale green stripe constructs the very daintiest, coolest and most completely practical river frock of the skirt and boleró order. Designs for blouses include embroidered yokes, collars, and other empiecements, delightfully contrived component parts, that the veriest tyro in sartorial understanding could compile with every certainty of success. A trend, we would observe *en passant*, that is quite in the right direction, in these days, positively overflowing with social and other exactions.

La Mode Dictates Brocades

In taffetas, satins, and crêpe de chines, the order is running that these decorative flowery seductions shall lead the van of fashion in evening confections. Nor is history disposed only feebly to repeat itself in this regard, the leading artistes of the hour having decreed to make history on their own account, with beautiful harmonies hitherto undreamed of; wondrous ombré effects, of pale tints melting, or rather flashing, the one into the other, every movement of the wearer affording the eye yet another aspect, while over all meander blurred floral designs, not unfrequently broken by a fine coloured satin stripe.

MELANYL THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK IN ONE BOTTLE

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority over all others.

Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless!

6d., Is., and 2s. 6d. Bottles.
Of all Stationers and Chemists.

INVENTORS AND MAKERS—

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Ltd.,
ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.

JON. HARRIS & SONS, LTD.,

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. (Over Benson's)

NEW COSTUME LINENS

FOR THE SEASON.

LINEN VOILE 2/3 yard, 36 in. LINEN TWEED 2/- yard, 36 in. LINEN CANVAS 2/- yard, 36 in.

Charming Fabrics, Stylish, Useful, and Artistic.

ART LINENS IN OVER 60 COLOURS, also WHITE and BLACK

COSTUMES TO MEASURE 3½ Gns. EMBROIDERED from 4½ Gns.

PRETTY TRACED LINEN BLOUSES for own working 15/6 to 21/-.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS AND ESTIMATES.

Book of Special Designs of LINEN BEDSPREADS and HAND-MADE LACES on application.

33, King Street, MANCHESTER; 89, Corporation Street, BIRMINGHAM; and Derwent Mills, COCKERMOUTH.

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella' (Regd.)

DOES NOT SHRINK.

For Blouses, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Children's Frocks, &c.

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.

See the label on the Selvedge.

The Queen says: "**'Viyella'** has borne the test of years; you can wear it for night-dresses all the year round."

From the leading Drapers.

Something Bright.

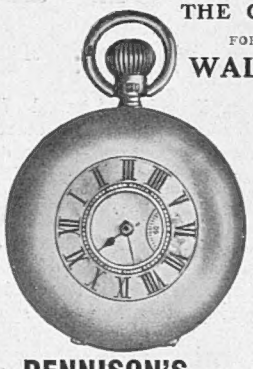
"Honesty is said to be the best policy by many people who haven't tried it: Globe is said to be the best Polish by everyone who has tried it."

From "Metal Reflections" by Mrs. Briton.

In metal cleaning Globe Polish does more of the work and leaves less for the user, than any other. It does not scratch or otherwise injure any metal, however delicate. Raimes & Co., Ltd., Tredegar Road, Bow, London, E., and Stockton-on-Tees.

DENNISON'S

THE CITY DEPOT FOR THE **WALTHAM WATCHES**



A watch that will wear a life-time, that will be accurate every day, that will be of constant use each day. This is the Waltham Watch, the World's watch—there are 12,000,000 in use. We hold a complete range of these wonderful watches. Send for Price List, post free from

DENNISON'S, 6, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE HOUR GLASS

(With which is incorporated "The Golden Penny.")

1d. THIS WEEK'S NOW READY. 1d.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

Special Pictures and Portraits from the Front.

£1,000 Insurance.
£200 Cyclists' Insurance.

NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Full of New and Popular Features.

The Best and Brightest Pennyworth Published.

OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

As to the advent of the pannier, we have absolutely no doubt, although for the immediate moment this is only recognised by the extreme faculty, who are themselves content to essay it in more or less tentative fashion. The path to be ultimately taken, however, is made very clear by the jupe set full from the edge of a sharply pointed bodice, a veritable Louis Seize being delightfully here portrayed by our artist in an original design of delicate sulphur brocade, patterned over in delicate pinks, greens, with here and there a faint touch of mauve; the pointed corsage lightly draped in orthodox fashion to meet a berthe of pink roses, packed closely without foliage on a soft bed of white tulle. The sleeves of tulle take the *mouvement* of a bouffant, below a Louis wreath of the roses, and conclude in soft hanging ruffles of old-world tinted lace, which at once gives the *raison d'être* of that delicate sulphur ground to the brocade. While with really the most commendable consequence the coiffure is disposed duly to complete the period conjured up for representation.

That Most Distressful Country

is again nobly to the fore in the cause of some hand-loom linens of peculiarly desirable character, which have been collected together by that go-ahead firm, Shoolbred and Co., Tottenham Court Road, who are now purveying the same at prices that will serve as a magnet to every house-proud woman in the land.

In these sad days of spurious concoctions, it behoves one to move very cautiously, where the purchase of linen comes on the tapis, for nothing is more successfully *faked*. Wherefore does the event of such an opportunity as now prevails at a reliable house like Shoolbred's become of universal interest. It will be necessary, though, to make an early attack, for these bargains are limited, albeit many of the lines—to revert to the jargon of the trade—run, as in the case of hemstitched cotton sheets, to several thousands.

A special word of persuasion, perchance, is claimed by some lovely hand-embroidered Irish linen bed spreads, which those, who have a superlatively nice taste in decorative household matters, declare to be far and away the most satisfactory choice.

As immediate victims of the spring cleaning craze, a process during which we have been swept into passages and bye-ways, and there adjured to discuss the superfluous subject of clothes, we have quite a large word of praise for the excellently compiled catalogue brought out by Messrs. H. Gorringe and Co., Nottingham. A pleasanter and more completely satisfactory means of arriving at the end of new curtains and blinds it would be impossible to imagine, and the firm of H. Gorringe and Co. have the reputation of Nottingham, admittedly the English lace county, to maintain. Vide et crede.

MR. AITCHISON'S
"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 5: "HEADACHE."

It is marvellous how little is understood of the causes and cure of headache. Liver out of order, stomach ditto, overwork, electric light too bright, some other light not bright enough—these are a few of the little fictions which people invent to account for the headaches from which they suffer. Occasionally someone having tried all the patent medicines in the market, and visited a few doctors, without any good result, thinks, "I will have my eyes examined," and then finds that the last experiment is the one which should have been tried first. Nine out of ten cases of severe headaches are caused by some uncorrected defect of the eyesight, which can be materially relieved, if not absolutely cured, by proper spectacles or eyeglasses.

"EYESIGHT PRESERVED."
A PAMPHLET.
New Illustrated Edition
Post Free.

Aitchison's Spectacles Strengthen Weak Eyes.

AITCHISON & CO., Opticians to H.M. Government, **47, Fleet St., 428, Strand, 281, Oxford Street, 6, Poultry, 14, Newgate Street, 46, Fenchurch Street, LONDON.**

SEE PAGE 498, AND THEN CUT OUT THIS COUPON

THE BYSTANDER
No. 4 of our Fortnightly Competitions

BRIDGE COUPON

To be sent in with Solution by FRIDAY, MAY 6.

Name of Competitor .....

Address .....

MUDIE'S LIBRARY, LTD.

Subscription Library.

Accounts opened at any date for Three, Six and Twelve Months.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM.
COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM TWO GUINEAS PER ANNUM.

N.B.—TWO or THREE FRIENDS may, by UNITING IN ONE SUBSCRIPTION, lessen the cost of obtaining Books, and reduce carriage expense.

Bookselling Department.

NEW BOOKS. SECOND-HAND BOOKS.

Baedeker's, Murray's, and Black's Guide Books, Dictionaries in all European Languages. Maps and Guides for Cyclists. New Books at Discount Prices. Second-hand Library Books at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Standard Authors, including Dickens, Scott, Ruskin, Thackeray, Meredith, Browning, etc., in Handsome Leather Bindings.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
And at BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY.

All MARTELL'S BRANDIES are guaranteed PURE GRAPE.

These Cigarettes are made of

TOBACCO DIRECT

From Manufacturer's own Plantation at

Malcajik

Asia Minor.

From Leading Tobacconists

Manufacturer: C. C. O. VAN LENNEP,
17 & 18, Great Pulteney Street, LONDON, W.

Dr. J. M BARRIE says: "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the

'CRAVEN'

Mixture and no other."

Sample ¼lb. Tin, 2/6.
Post free, 3d. extra.

From all tobacconists, or from the sole manufacturers—

CARRERAS, Ltd.

West End Depot: 7, Wardour Street, W.
Factory and Offices: 4, 5, 6, 7 & 8, St. James's Place, Aldgate, E.C

BORD'S PIANOS. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS' HIRE System. Pianos Exchanged. Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS. CHARLES STILES and CO. offer these magnificent PIANOS on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM, at most advantageous prices and terms.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS. Apply to 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts. 2 % Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

Deposits. 2½ % Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.

Advances made. **Stocks and Shares** bought and sold.

Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

Avoid Imitations!
The Most Delicious Sweetmeat is:-

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wholesale, S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd Dalston, London, N.E.

BICYCLES!!!

The finest assortment of 1904 MODELS in the country at half prices. Direct from factory to rider. Special inducements if you book your order now. TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL allowed on every cycle we sell.

£15/15	"COVENTRY FLYER" for	£7/7
£12/12	"SENTINEL ROADSTER" for	£6/6
£10/10	"AMAZON" for	£5/5
£8/8	"MONTROSE" for	£4/4

The "Coventry Flyer" is fitted with genuine New Departure Coaster Hub or Hyde Clutch and Bowden Brake, Front Rim Brake, Plated Rims, Feather-weight Steel Mudguards, &c. Warranted four years. Best makes Tyres. This machine is the talk of the town.

The "Sentinel Roadster" and "Amazon" have free wheels, front rim brakes, and best makes of Tyres.

The "Montrose" has fixed wheel and double tube detachable tyres, fully guaranteed.

THE GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.
WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.

Old machines taken in exchange. We have a large stock of **SHOP-SOILED** and **SECOND-HAND** Cycles of well-known makes, **£1 5s.** to **£4.**

TYRES, LAMPS, CYCLE ACCESSORIES AT HALF ORDINARY PRICES. Write for Lists.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. 263K
85 to 97, Paradise Street, Liverpool,
19 to 21, Charing Cross Road, London.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

With new hemstitch frills, 3 yards long, **8/3** per pair. Plain frills, **6/9** per pair.

Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins on approval

Casement Blinds, Fringes, &c.; Roller Blinds, from 1/6 each.

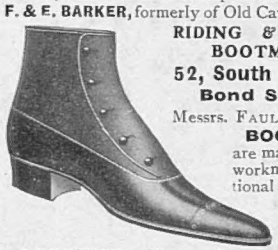
Tapestries, Cretonnes, Art Serges. Price List of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, Furniture, Bedding. **Post Free.**

CORRINGE & Co., 69a, Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

FAULKNER & SON

(With which is incorporated Messrs. F. & E. BARKER, formerly of Old Cavendish St., W.)

RIDING & WALKING BOOTMAKERS,
52, South Molton St., Bond Street, W.



Messrs. FAULKNER & SON'S **BOOTS** are made by hand by workmen of exceptional skill and from the choicest materials obtainable.

LEGGINGS.—Messrs. FAULKNER & SON are now showing the smartest and neatest Legging yet introduced.

Price Lists and Instructions for Self-measurement on Application

A USEFUL PRESENT

THE

Daily Graphic Album

Containing One Hundred Pages, the size of the "Daily Graphic," and strongly bound in red cloth. Suitable for the collection of Sketches, Postcards, Christmas Cards, &c.

Price 3s. Postage 6d. extra.

'Daily Graphic' Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Goddard's Plate Powder

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

CHAS. BAKER & CO.'S STORES LTD.

FOR THE SUPPLY OF

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING AND OUTFITTING

At 25 per cent. under usual LONDON PRICES.

GOOD FIT AND STYLE ARE GUARANTEED.

The following quotations show the EXCEPTIONALLY MODERATE CHARGES:—

GENTLEMEN'S HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING TO MEASURE.

Gentlemen's Frock Coats & Vests In Vicunas, Cheviots, and Serges. LATEST STYLES.	39/6	43/6	49/6	59/6	64/6
Gentlemen's Morning Coats & Vests In Vicunas, Cheviots, and Serges.	29/6	32/6	35/6	39/6	49/6
Gentlemen's Tweed Suits... ... In the Latest Designs in Scotch and Donegal Tweeds.	35/6	39/6	47/6	52/6	59/6
Gentlemen's Chesterfield Overcoats In the Fashionable Tweeds and Rainproof Coatings.	29/6	34/6	39/6	49/6	59/6
Trousers ... ... In a Large Assortment of Cashmeres and Tweeds.	10/6	12/6	14/11	16/11	18/11	21/-

ONLY THE MOST EXPERIENCED LONDON CUTTERS ARE EMPLOYED.
Patterns and Easy Self-Measurement Forms Post Free.

HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING FOR BOYS

SCHOOL CLOTHING IS A SPECIAL FEATURE

of CHARLES BAKER & Co's Business. A few of the most Popular Lines are Given Below. A Fully Illustrated Price List, showing all Styles, Post Free

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

ETON JACKET & VEST
in Black Worsteds and Vicunas, from
15/9 to **39/6**
GREY TROUSERS—**6/11** to **14/11**

RUGBY SUITS
Jacket, Vest, and Knickerbockers, in Durable Tweeds, from **14/11** to **35/6**

NORFOLK SUITS
in Scotch and Irish Tweeds and Cheviots,
11/9, 14/11, 19/11, 24/6

SUFFOLK SUITS
as Norfolk, but with Vest. In Scotch and Irish Tweeds, Cheviots, &c.,
19/11, 26/9. 35/9

YOUTHS' JACKET SUITS
in New Designs of Tweeds, also in Blue Serges,
16/11, 21/6, 25/9, 29/6, 35/6

LITTLE BOYS' SUITS, &c.

REGULATION SAILOR SUIT
Complete in Blue Serge,
8/11, 11/9, 14/11, 21/6

CONWAY SUIT
Jacket and Knickerbockers, with White or Coloured Collar and Vest.
In Blue Serges and Fancy Tweeds,
9/11, 12/11, 15/9, 19/11, 24/6

CLYDE SUIT
With Belted Tunic. In Blue and Fancy Cloths,
7/11, 9/11, 12/11, 15/9, 19/11

HOWE OVERCOAT
Double-Breasted, with Sailor Collar,
11/9, 15/9, 17/9, 24/6

BOYS' CHESTERFIELD OVERCOAT
In Fancy Tweeds and Covert Coatings, from **9/11** to **24/6**

CENTRAL LONDON DEPOTS:

Head Depot—271, 272, 273, 274, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
137, 138, 139, 140, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
(Near Messrs. MAPLE and SHOOLBRED'S).
City Branch—41, 43, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

WEST-END DEPOTS:

256, EDGWARE ROAD and CHAPEL STREET
(Opposite PRAED STREET)
HAMMERSMITH—27, 29, 31, 33, KING STREET
NORTHERN DEPOT—5, 7 and 9, SEVEN SISTERS ROAD

Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER, at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—APRIL 27, 1904